



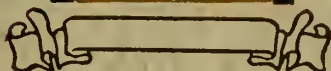
Entre Nods
nineteen
fourteen

HOWARD

Lula Mae Turner



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HOWARD COLLEGE



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The

'14

Entre Nous


The year book of

Howard College
Birmingham, Ala.

Published annually by the
Senior Class

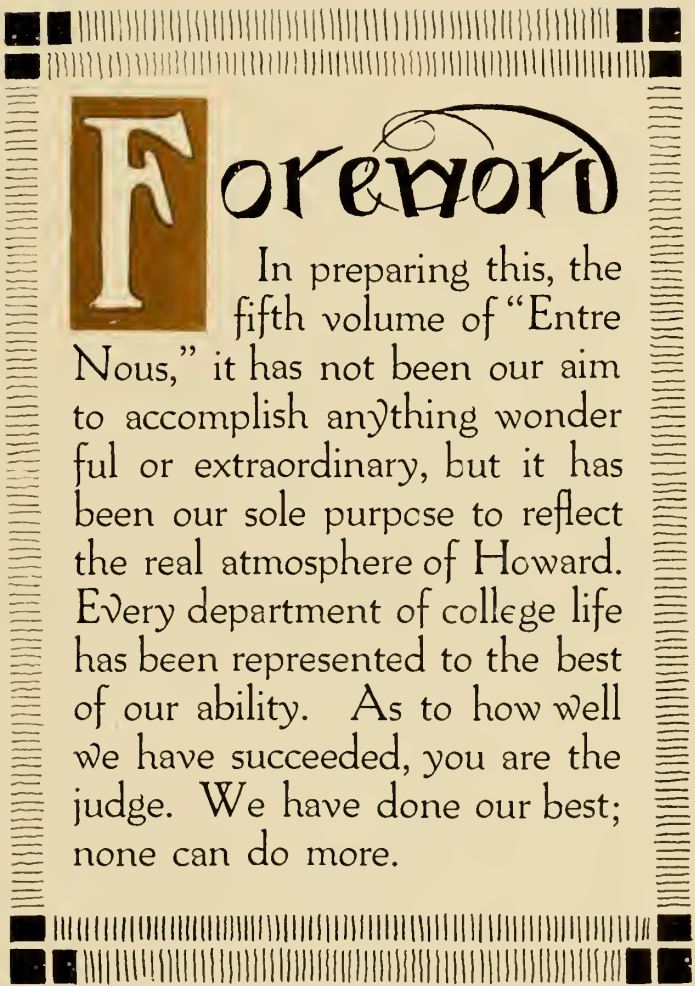
Volume Five





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Foreword

In preparing this, the fifth volume of "Entre Nous," it has not been our aim to accomplish anything wonderful or extraordinary, but it has been our sole purpose to reflect the real atmosphere of Howard. Every department of college life has been represented to the best of our ability. As to how well we have succeeded, you are the judge. We have done our best; none can do more.



Book I	-	-	-	-	The College
Book II	-	-	-	-	The Classes
Book III	-	-	-	-	Organizations
Book IV	-	-	-	-	Athletics
Book V	-	-	-	-	Miscellaneous



DEDICATION



O those who by years spent within these walls have grown rich in the traditions of the college, proud of her past, and strong in loyal zeal for her future; who have gone out from her precincts to do her honor in high places and credit everywhere; who have added to her prosperity in material things, and enriched her dower of sympathy and love, to them because they have puzzled over the same perplexities as ours, have met the same pleasures with a zest as keen—to the alumni and former students of Howard, everywhere—this volume is affectionately and fraternally dedicated by the Editors and Senior Class.



Contributors

ARTISTS

MISS HAYWOOD MOLTON

MRS. C. C. BROWN

MISS MENONA ALFORD

MISS JESSIE MACON

MR. JOHN R. ROBERTSON

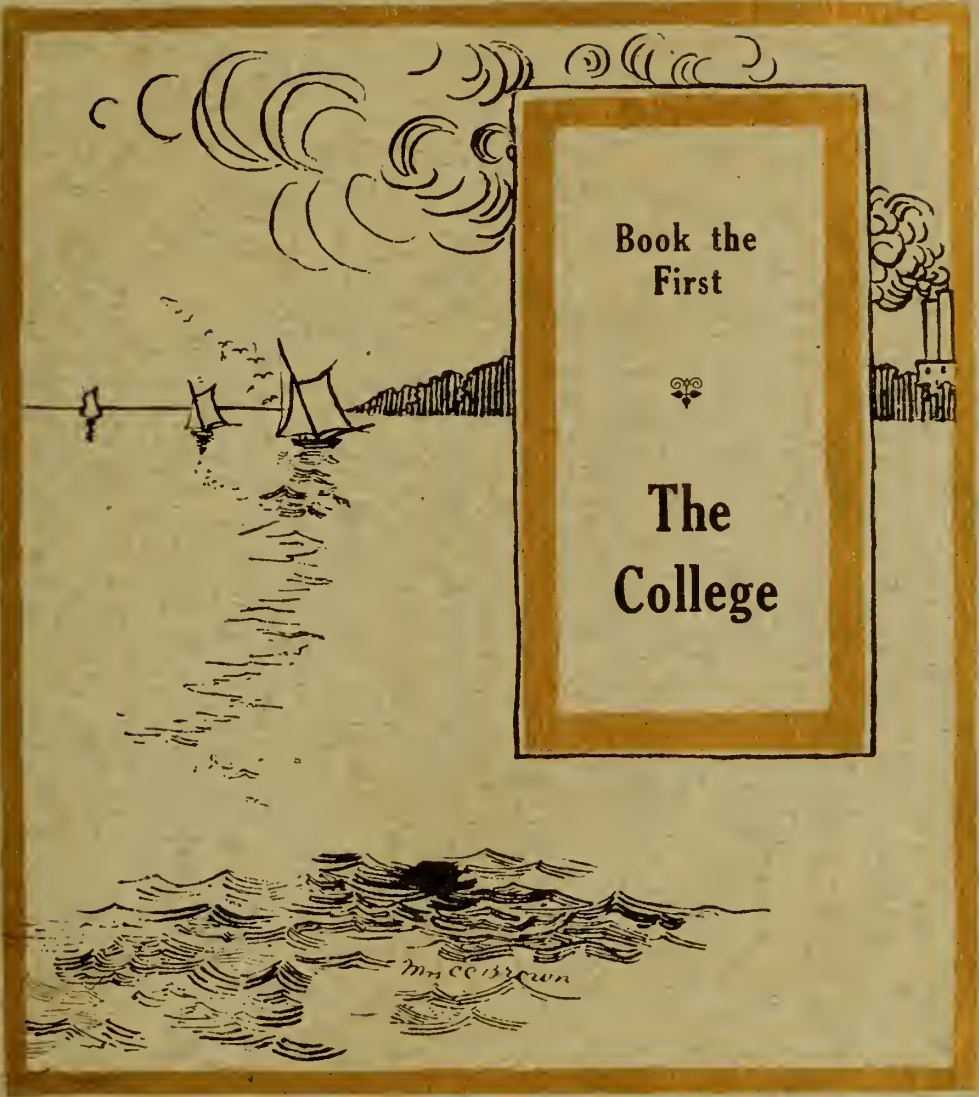
WRITERS

MISS MADELINE KEENE

MISS LUCY JONES

MR. CHAS B. KINGRY

The Editors are also especially indebted to Prof. E. P. Burns
and to Mrs. L. A. Keene for their valuable and generous assistance.



Book the
First



The
College

M. C. Brown



DR. S. S. SHERMAN
FIRST PRESIDENT HOWARD COLLEGE



A History of Howard College



It was in August, 1833, that Howard College had its birth in plan. The Alabama Baptist State Convention was then in session, and it was resolved to found a school for the training of ministers of the Gospel, and for "the improving of the ministry of the Baptist denomination." It was the decision of the aforesaid body to combine manual labor with mental training, and accordingly a farm of three hundred and fifty acres was purchased near Greensboro, Alabama.

Three years later came the panic of 1837, and that together with the poor financial basis upon which the plan was necessarily pitched forced the sale of the property, and the first effort came to naught.

But in November, 1841, the Convention, then in session at Talladega, Alabama, reopened the subject, and it was resolved to "establish a college of high moral character," and a plan for its endowment was proposed. An agent was appointed, and Marion, Perry County, Alabama, was the place chosen for the location of the college.

So it was that in January of the year 1842 Howard College became a reality. Its first president was Prof. S. S. Sherman, a graduate of Bowdoin College, and on the morning of the opening he, as president and only teacher, in a modest wooden building, with nine boys under him, stood resolutely upon the threshold of a glorious era, and began into the years a steady march, which was never to lag again.

The college grew, and before the year was out the enrollment was thirty-one. In the fall of 1842 a charter was obtained, and a plan started for the endowment of a Chair of Theology. Two years later the entire amount had been subscribed. It was in the second year of the institution's existence that three professors were added to meet its growth.

In 1844 came the first of two material discouragements. The college building was destroyed by fire, and only some of the paraphernalia was saved. However, new grounds were immediately purchased and a new building erected. It became ready for occupancy in 1846, and college routine was again resumed.

It is interesting to note, from this period, the growth of the college through gradation or classes. In the beginning Howard was only a preparatory school, and a student was able to pursue courses of study only through the sophomore year. But during the session of 1846-47 a junior class was established, and the next year, 1847-48, a senior class was formed and seven were graduated, four with the degree of Bachelor of Arts and three with the degree of Bachelor of Science.

The next important change in the history of the institution came in 1852, when Professor Sherman resigned the presidency. Dr. Talbird was then elected to fill the important trust. He served nobly until the war interrupted the work.

On the night of October 15, 1854, came the second and most crushing discouragement. It was what is known to those the more familiar with Howard's history as "The Fire." The building had been personally inspected by Dr. Talbird, and all of the students had retired. About midnight came the soul-piercing cry of "Fire." It came from Harry, the faithful negro janitor and slave belonging to Dr. Talbird. His



heroism on that night was a thing to be praised, and the "Fire" could not be mentioned without remembering with inspiration the work of Harry. He it was who discovered the fire and madly raced from floor to floor and from room to room, arousing the students. Frequently he came in contact with the flames, but not once did he falter. When he had visited every room and apprised the inmates of their peril, he sought for himself a means to escape. But the only alternative was to leap from a high window. He sprang out and fell to the ground unconscious, his clothes burned from his body and his hair and eyebrows burned away. Harry lived only a short while, but he had made the most noble sacrifice man is capable of. He gave his life for others.

But the friends of Howard rallied to its support. Within one year Rev. J. H. DeVotie as financial agent had raised forty thousand dollars for new buildings and further endowment. Prof. Davis drew plans for the new buildings, which, when completed, served until the removal of the college to East Lake, Alabama, in 1887.

The war between the States greatly retarded Howard's progress. After Dr. Talbird resigned to go to the war the enrollment decreased rapidly. The corps of professors was cut to two, and at last, in 1862, the Confederate authorities made application for the use of the buildings for hospital service. The request was granted and the college suspended until after the war.

In 1865 the college was reopened with Dr. J. L. M. Curry as president. After his resignation, Prof. Thornton served one year as president. Following him came Samuel R. Freeman, who guided the destinies of the institution from 1869 to 1870. On his resignation Col. J. T. Murphree was installed as president, and for sixteen years rendered invaluable service to Howard College. He resigned in 1887, when it was decided to remove the institution to East Lake, Alabama.

After having discussed the removal of the college at a previous meeting of the State Convention, the question came up again at a subsequent meeting at Union Springs, Alabama, in 1887. After a spirited debate it was decided in favor of the change. Land was purchased in East Lake, and the college was opened there in October, 1887. Dr. Dill was elected Chairman of the Faculty for the session of 1887-88. In the summer of 1888 Rev. B. F. Riley was elected president, he serving in that capacity until the summer of 1893. Rev. A. W. McGaha succeeded him. In 1896 Dr. McGaha declined re-election, and Prof. A. D. Smith was made Chairman of the Faculty for the year 1896-97. Prof. Smith resigned at the end of the session, and Prof. F. M. Roof was made Chairman of the Faculty to succeed him. Prof. Roof continued until 1902, when he resigned. In the fall of that year Dr. A. P. Montague accepted the presidency, and served faithfully until 1912, when he resigned to accept another college presidency in Florida. Dr. J. M. Shelburne was elected as his successor, taking the reins in January, 1913. Dr. A. J. Moon served as Chairman of the Faculty for the half session from September to January of the session 1912-13.

Thus we reach the present. Without a doubt a new day has dawned for Howard. With the coming of the new president there came also new confidence well placed, and optimism and enthusiasm, which make themselves so strongly felt. This article has but to deal with the "history of the institution." History, termed, is the past, but if the past is any criterion of the future, if loyalty and love count for aught, there is, besides a glorious past, a more glorious future for Howard College.

BUNYAN DAVIE, JR., '14.



RENFRO HALL

BUILDING D HOME OF



RENFRO HALL



MAIN BUILDING



MONTAGUE HALL

BUILDING D HOME OF PROF. DAWSON

SIGMA NU CHAPTER HOUSE

PI KAPPA ALPHA
CHAPTER HOUSE



DINING HALL

1021
By Kelly



Commencement, 1914

BACCALAUREATE SERMON, BY SAMUEL CHILES MITCHELL, PH.D., D.D., LL.D.	
Sunday, 11:00 A.M.....	May 24
SERMON TO STUDENT VOLUNTEERS, BY REV. H. B. WOODWARD	
Sunday, 8:00 P.M.....	May 24
LAST CHAPEL EXERCISES AND ROLL CALL	
Monday, 9:00 A.M.....	May 25
JUNIOR ORATORICAL CONTEST	
Monday, 10:30 A.M.....	May 25
PLAY, "The Taming of the Shrew," under the direction of the Department of English	
Monday, 8:00 P.M.....	May 25
REUNION OF CLASS 1898. ALUMNI ORATION	
Tuesday, 10:30 A.M.....	May 26
ALUMNI DINNER	
Tuesday, noon	May 26
ANNUAL RECEPTION	
Tuesday, 4:00 P.M.....	May 26
SENIOR CLASS PLAY	
Tuesday, 8:00 P.M.....	May 26
GRADUATION EXERCISES AND BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS	
Wednesday, 10:30 A.M.....	May 27



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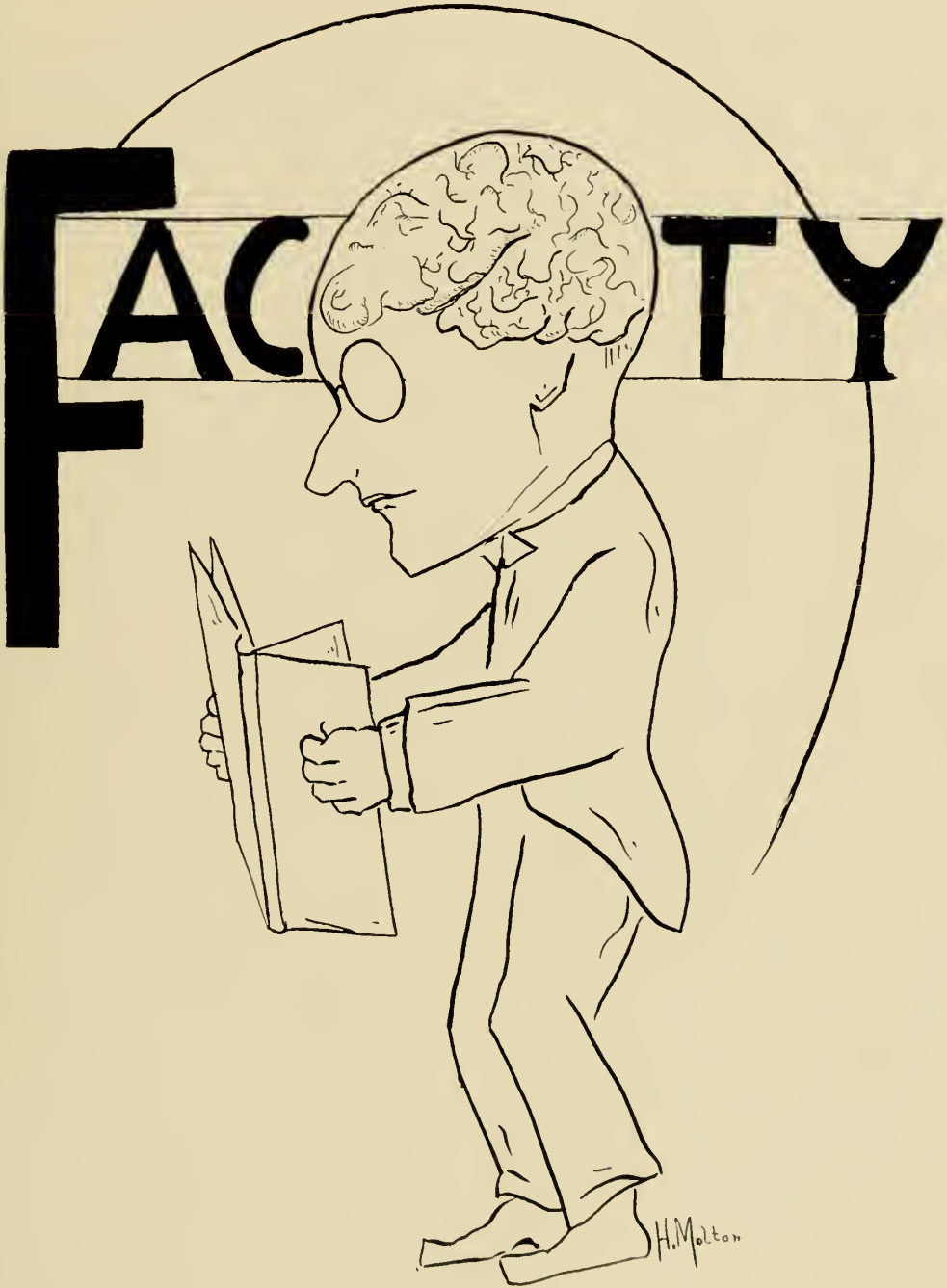
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JAMES MADISON SHELBURNE,
A.M., Th.M., D.D.

President of the College

A. M., Georgetown College, 1897; D. D., *ibid*,
1907; Th. M., Southern Baptist Theological Sem-
inary, 1900.



ALLEN J. MOON, A.B., A.M., L.H.D.

Professor of Greek and Latin

A. B., Lineville College, 1896; A. B. Howard College, 1897; A. M., Howard College, 1902; Teacher Hartselle College, 1897-'99; Student University of Virginia, 1899-1901; Student University of Chicago, Summer Quarters, 1903, 1909, and 1913; Professor of Latin, Rawlings Institute, Virginia; Professor of Greek and Latin, Howard College since 1901; President of Society of Alumni, 1908-'09; Fellow University of Chicago, 1910-'11.

JOHN C. DAWSON, A.B., A.M.

Professor of Modern Languages

A. B., Georgetown College, 1901; Principal Scottsboro, Alabama, Baptist Institute, 1901-'03; Studied in Germany and France, Spring and Summer 1903, in Germany in 1907; University of Caen, France, 1909; Student Cornell University, Summer 1904; University of Chicago, Summer 1905; Editor of Picard's "La Petite Ville"; Instructor in Modern Languages in Summer School for Teachers, University of Alabama, in 1911; Professor of Modern Languages in Howard College since 1913.





JAMES A. HENDRICKS, A.B., A.M., Sc.B.
*Professor of Economics and History, and Instructor
in the Bible*

A. B. and A. M., Howard College, 1892; Th. B., Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, 1895; Student of Church History, Union Seminary, New York, 1902-'03; Graduate Student Columbia University, New York; Graduate Student University of Chicago, Summer Quarters, 1908-'09-'10-'11; Professor in Howard College since 1905.

ALFRED H. OLIVE, A.B., A.M.
Professor of Chemistry and Physics

A. B., Howard College, 1905; A. M., Wake Forest, 1906; Instructor and Student at Wake Forest, 1905-'06; Instructor and Student Cornell University, 1906-'07; Professor of Chemistry and Physics in Howard College since 1907.





GEORGE W. MACON, A.B., A.M., PH.D.
Professor of Biology

A. B., Howard College, 1884; A. M., Howard College; Ph.D., University of Alabama; Graduate Student Columbia University, New York, and Brooklyn Biological Institute, New York; Professor in Howard College; Professor of Biology, Mercer University, Georgia, 1895-1908; Dean of Howard College, 1908-'10.

PERCY P. BURNS, A.B.
Professor of English

A. B., Howard College, 1904; Professor in South Carolina Co-Educational Institute, 1904-'10; Principal Howard College High School, Acting Professor of English, Commandant, 1911-'12; Student University of Chicago, Summer Quarters, 1913; Professor of English in Howard College since 1912; Secretary of Alumni Association, 1913.





THEOPHILES R. EAGLES, A.B., A.M.

Professor of Mathematics

Student Atlantic Christian College, 1902-'03; Teacher Public Schools of North Carolina, 1903-'04; A. B., University of North Carolina, 1908; Professor of Mathematics, Catawba College, 1908-'09; Professor of Mathematics, Bethany College, 1910-'13; A. M., University of North Carolina, 1912; Instructor in Mathematics, University of North Carolina, 1910-'13; Professor of Mathematics, Howard College, 1913.

JAMES ROMULUS EDWARDS, A.B., B.D.

Instructor in Public Speaking

Prepared at Mt. Vernon Springs Academy, N. C.; at Wake Forest College, N. C., 1889-1890; A. B., Colgate University, 1894; B. D., Colgate University, 1897; Pastorates in Brooklyn, N. Y., Washington, D. C., and Birmingham, Ala.





RIENZI THOMAS
Director of Glee Club



C. B. KINGRY
Adjutant



Alumni Association

W. A. BERRY, *President* Birmingham, Ala.
 JNO. W. STEWART, *Vice-President* Birmingham, Ala.
 PERCY P. BURNS, *Secrelary-Treasurcr* Birmingham, Ala.



MRS. J. C. HOCKETT
COMMERCIAL INSTRUCTOR

MRS. HARRIS
MATRON

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ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN



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ATHLETICS—Professors Noojin and Macon.

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(b) *For all Other Students Below Seniors*—Professors Burns and Olive.

(c) *For Seniors and Post-graduates*—The President and Professor Macon.

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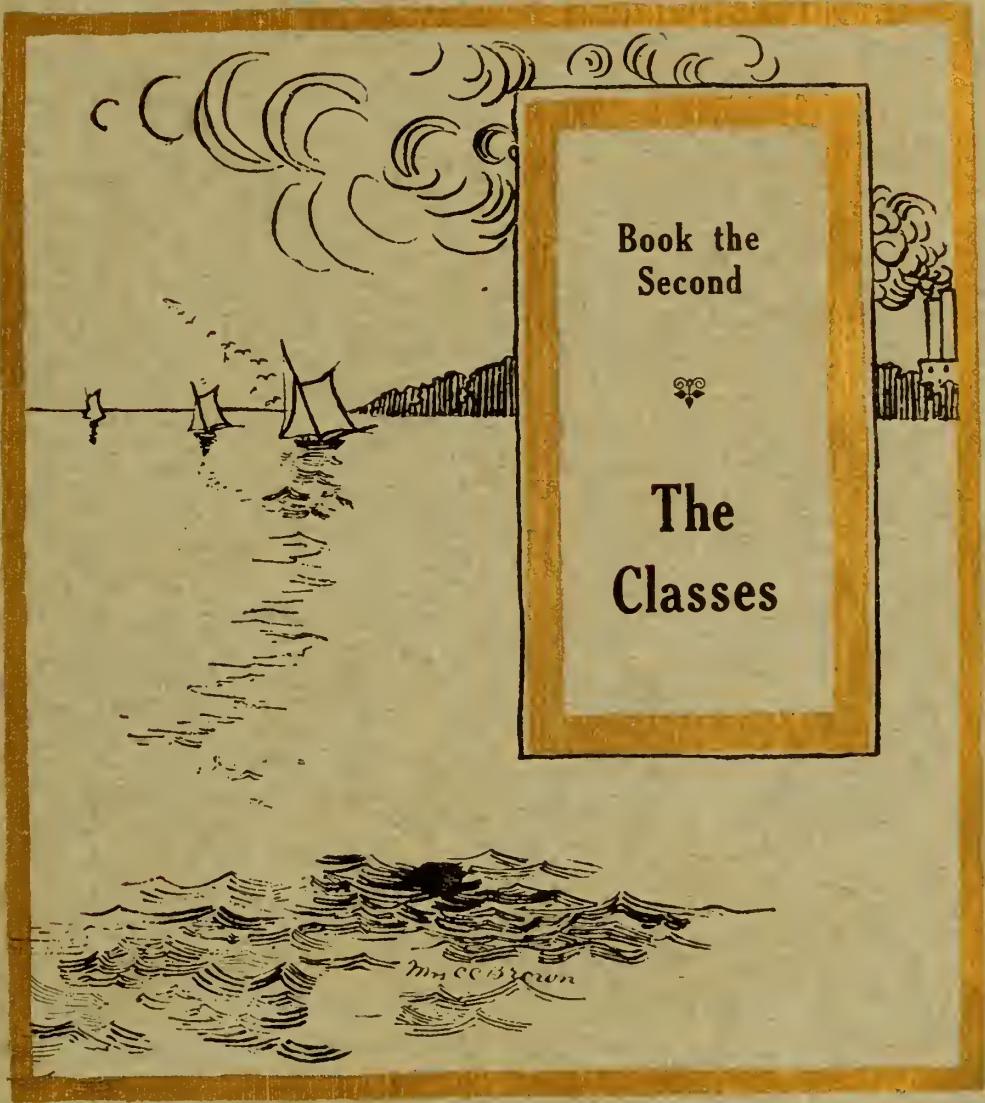
POSITIONS FOR GRADUATES—The President and Secretary of Faculty.

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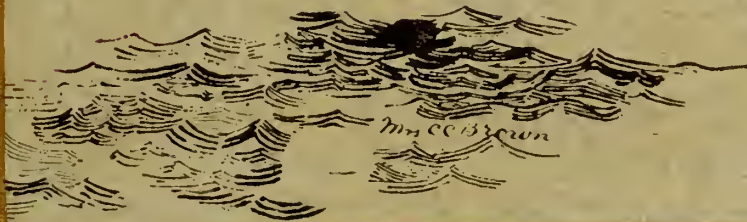
STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS AND PETITIONS—Professors Moon and Hendricks.



Book the
Second



The
Classes







C. B. KINCRY, A.B., A.M.



SENIOR



SENIOR CLASS MASCOT



JOHN J. MILFORD, A.B.
Birmingham, Ala.

PHILOMATHIAN

Class Secretary '13-'14; Valedictorian of Ministerial Class '14.

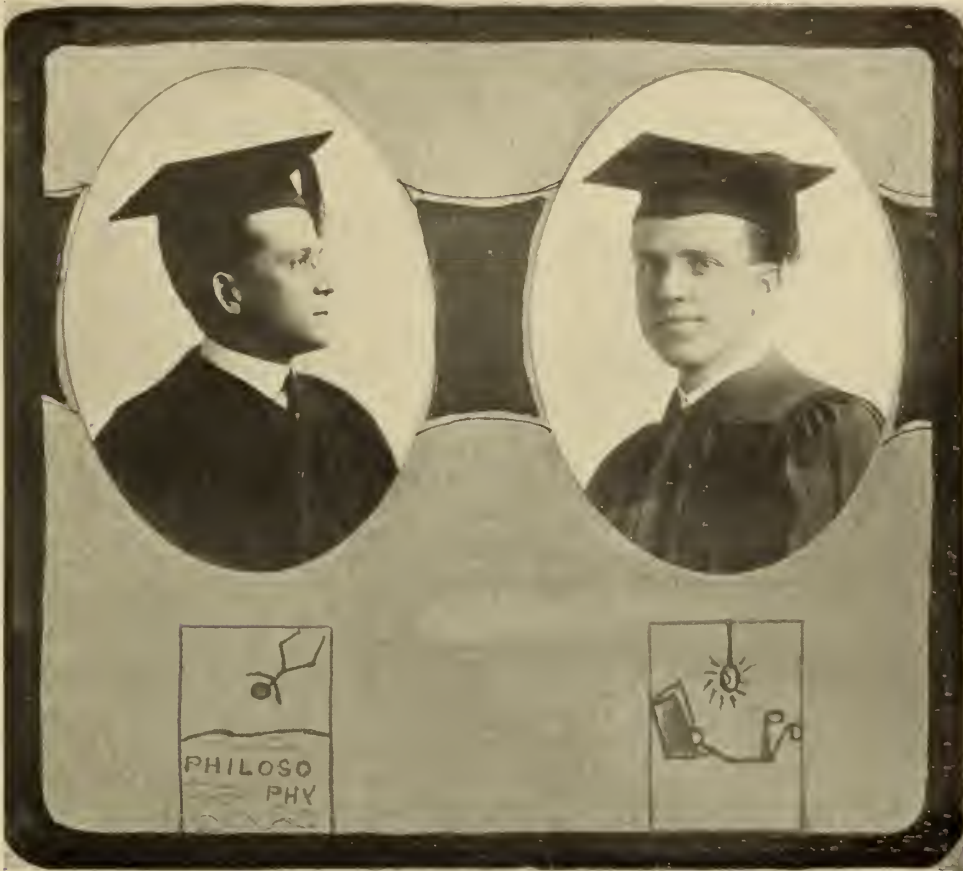
"He was a man, take him for all in all. We shall not look upon his like again."

WILLIAM C. TISDALE, A.B.
Evergreen, Ala.

FRANKLIN

'Varsity Baseball, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14; 'Varsity Football, '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14; Capt. Baseball, '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14; Manager Baseball, '11-'12; Winner High Jump, '13; Winner Broad Jump, '13; "Entre-Nous" Board, '14.

"Always on the job" (at Sixty-fourth St.)



G. IRA DUNSMORE, A.B., Ψ χ
Stanton, Ala.

FRANKLIN

Vice-Pres. Freshman Class, '10-'11; Contestant Newman Medal, '10-'11; Contestant Walker Percy Medal, '10-'11; Varsity Football, '10-'11; Varsity Track Team, '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13; Contestant Sophomore Medal, '12; Sergeant Major, '12-'13; Sub Pitcher Varsity Baseball, '13; College Representative in Inter-collegiate Debating Contest, '13-'14; College Representative in Inter-collegiate Oratorical Contest, '14; "Entre-Nous" Board, '14.

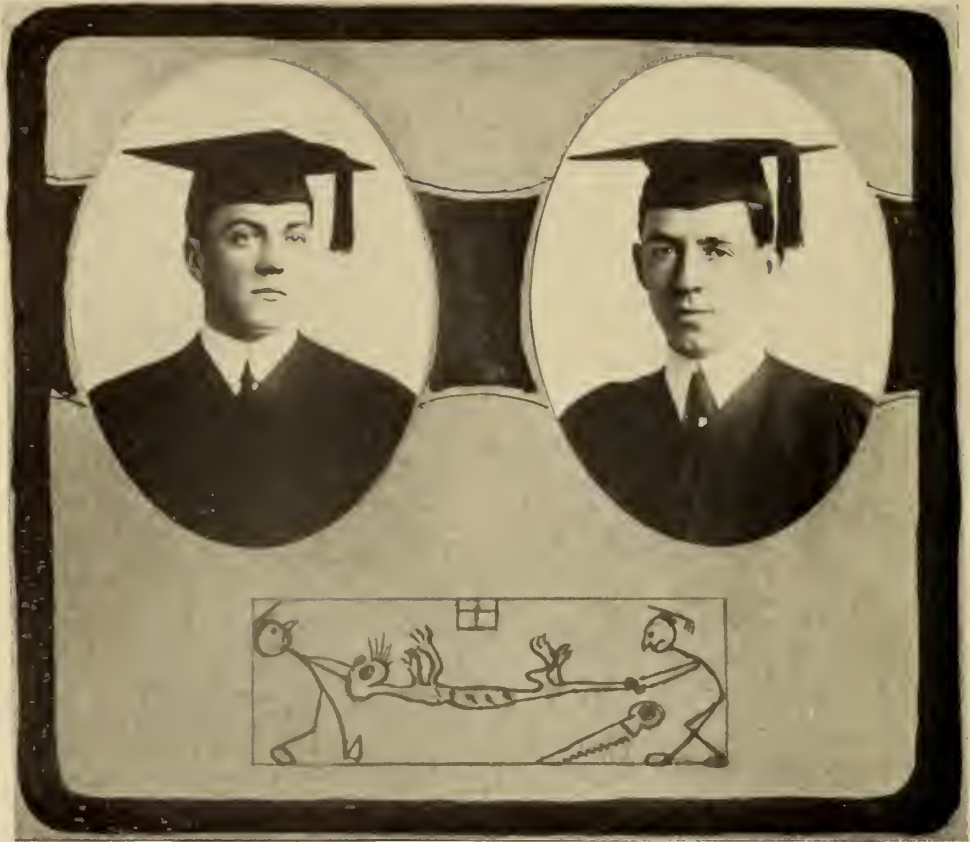
He'd undertake to prove by force of argument that man is no animal. He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl, and that a toad may be an owl.

ALBERT SIDNEY LEE, A.B.
New Decatur, Ala.

PHILOMATHIAN

Freshman Class Historian; Senior Class Historian, '14; Preliminary Contestant State Oratorical Contest, '14; Instructor in Greek in High School Department, '13-'14.

"Silence is a mark of wisdom."



JAS. A. WARD, A.B.
Hartford, Ala.

FRANKLIN

Secretary Sophomore Class '11-'12; Contestant Sophomore Medal, '11-'12; Anniversary Speaker for Franklin Literary Society, '12-'13; Senior Class Poet, '13-'14.

"Don't try to estimate what there is in a quiet fellow."

ROBERT SALTER WARD, A.B.
Hartford, Ala.

FRANKLIN

Winner of Newman Medal, '12; Winner Soldiership Medal, '12; Vice-President Junior Class, '12-'13; Vice-President Senior Class, '13-'14.

Principal occupation is driving dull care away by looking at a certain photograph.



ROBERT ROBINSON, A.B., II K A
Thorsby, Ala.

PHILOMATHIAN

'Varsity Football, '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14;
'Varsity Base-ball, '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14;
Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '12-'13; Captain
'Varsity Football, '13; Winner of Doubles
in Tennis Tournament, '14; "Entre-
Nous" Board, '14; Member Pan-Hellenic
Council, '13-'14.

Came from where his parents still reside. Now
divides his time between Underwood and Sev-
enty-fourth Street. His long suit was football,—
now it's "hearts".

IRA FRED SIMMONS, A.B., II K A
Monroeville, Ala.

FRANKLIN

Class Historian, '0-'10; Contestant New-
man Medal, '10; Class Poet, '11-'12,
'12-'13; Contestant Junior Oratorical
Medal, '13; Captain Track Team, '11-'12;
Manager Track Team, '12-'13; Junior
Asst. Mgr. Football, '12-'13; Mgr. Scrub
Football, '12-'13, '13-'14; President Y. M.
C. A., '13-'14; President Athletic Asso-
ciation, '13-'14; President Glee Club,
'13-'14; Editor-in-Chief of "Entre-Nous",
'13-'14.

"What hath night to do with sleep?"



GEORGE WASHINGTON BOULDIN, A.B.
Tokyo, Japan

PHILOMATHIAN

Th.B., Southern Baptist Theological
Seminary; Th.M. Ibid.

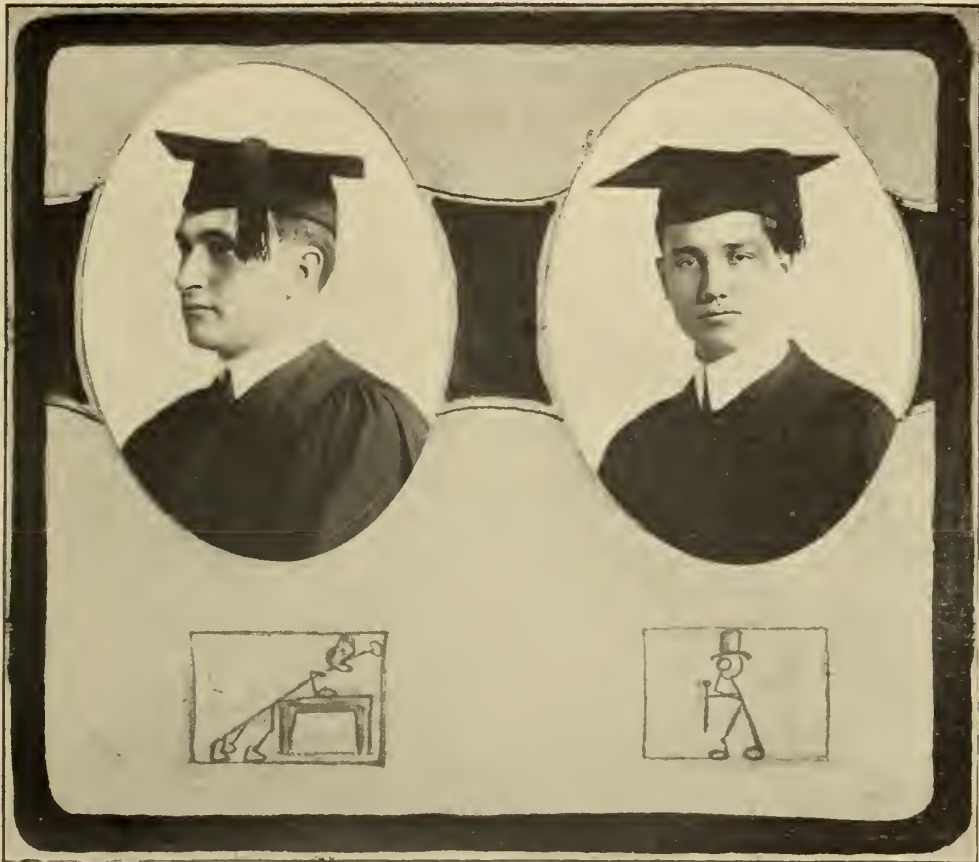
"A man who holds his fellow man above every-
thing else."

ROY ALFRED JONES, A.B., *II K A*
Newton, Ala.

PHILOMATHIAN

Contestant Sophomore Medal, '12; Class
Poet, '11-'12; "Entre-Nous" Board, '11.

Expects to take a post course in Math. (?)



EARL PARKER, A.B.
Lineville, Ala.

PHILOMATHIAN

Winner Newman Medal, '12; Contestant Sophomore Medal, '12; Secretary Junior Class, '12-'13; Chairman of Committee on selection of Class Souvenir, Invitations and Senior Play, '14.

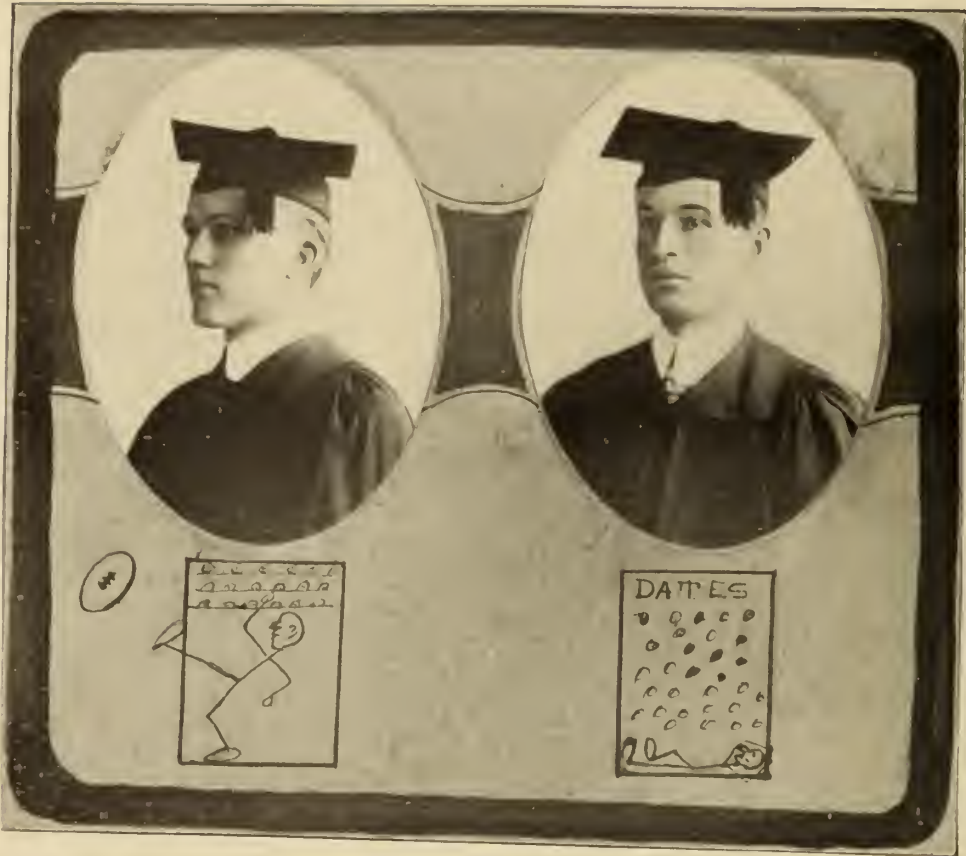
"Mingle a little folly with your wisdom."

EARL WAYNE HOLMES
Montgomery, Ala.

FRANKLIN

Contestant Newman Medal, '11-'12; Prophet Senior Class, '13-'14.

The Human Alarm Clock of the third floor. His melancholy howling may be heard around the campus at any hour of the night.



OSCAR SAMUEL CAUSEY, A.B., $\Sigma \chi$
Healing Springs, Ala.

FRANKLIN

Track Team, '11-'12, '13-'14; Varsity Football, '12-'13, '13-'14; Contestant Junior Oratorical Contest, '13; Junior Class Historian, '12-'13; Mgr. Varsity Football Team, '13; Business Mgr. "Entre-Nous", '13-'14; Librarian, '13-'14.

Post courses are required to insure "health, happiness, and success." "There is only one girl for me."

JOSEPH F. DUKE, A.B., $\Sigma \chi$
Gadsden, Ala.

FRANKLIN

Asst. Baseball Mgr., '11-'12; Winner of Doubles in Tennis Tournament, '14; Temporary President Pan-Hellenic Council, '13-'14; "Entre-Nous" Board.

Is a first-rate authority on how to flirt with two girls at once—having carried along successful experiments in that line.



BUNYAN DAVIE, JR., A.B., $\Sigma \chi$
Clayton, Ala.

PHILOMATHIAN

Winner Sophomore Declamation Medal, '11-'12; President Junior Class, '12-'13; Varsity Football, '12-'13; Chapel Chorister, '12-'13; Winner Junior Oratorical Contest, '12-'13.

Has a musical turn of mind and gives vent to his aspirations in the stringed orchestra.

WM. HENRY CARSON, A.B.
Birmingham, Ala.

PHILOMATHIAN

Contestant Newman Medal, '07-'08; Debater for Philomathic Anniversary, '08-'09; Business Mgr. "Entre-Nous", '09-'10; President Freshman Class, '09-'10; Second Lieut. Co. C., '10-'11; Secretary Sophomore Class, '10-'11; Contestant Junior Oratorical Medal, '12-'13; Capt. Co. A., '12-'13; Winner of Sword Contest State Oratorical Contest, '13-'14; President Senior Class, '13-'14; Deliverer of Senior Pins, '10-'11, '12-'13; Chapel Chorister Three Terms.

"We may live without friends,
We may live without books,
But analyzed man
Cannot live without cooks."



JAMES D. THOMPSON, A.B. Ψ χ

FRANKLIN

Class President, '10-'11; Chairman Missionary Committee, '11-'12; President McCollam Missionary Society; Chairman Bible Study Committee; President Sophomore Class; Medal on "Right of Secession", '13-'14; "Entre Nous" Board '13-'14.



History of the Senior Class



IN the fall of '10 our class had its beginning. There were twenty-nine of us as Freshmen, and we well deserved the name which we bore, for we were quite "fresh" and "green." It is interesting to notice that of this twenty-nine only five are in the Senior class. Two members of the Freshman class, by extra work and summer courses, graduated last year. Three members of this class, because of the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches, failed to make the Senior class and are spending another year as Juniors. The other nineteen have fallen by the way-side, and were it not for the fact that we received new members in the Sophomore and Junior years the Senior class of '14 would be quite small. All of which goes to prove that to reach the point of being a Senior is clearly a test of the survival of the fittest; those who have no "sand" and "grit" can never reach this blissful state; they fall out long ere this point is attained.

As Sophomores we felt quite exalted and overly wise. The "greenness" and "freshness" of the previous year had begun to wear off somewhat, and we were seeing new visions and dreaming new dreams. The suddenness of this change caused us to feel a little "puffed up," and we often felt it our duty even to instruct the members of the Faculty. Pope must have been thinking of Sophomores when he wrote these lines:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

Our Junior year was a period of "lopping off." The folly of the previous year began to dawn upon us, and we began to rid ourselves of the bad habits and wrong impressions which we formed during the Sophomore period. We can still hear Prof. Olive, in that happy way of his, saying to the very wise members of his classes: "It is just as important to learn that you don't know some things as it is to learn that you do know other things." It was in the Junior year that the thought first dawned upon us that there were some things that we didn't know. We even learned the full significance of the name which we bore the previous year, *POΨΝ ΖΩΨΝ* (wise fool, Sophomore-wise fool). So in view of this wonderful discovery, we began to apply ourselves to our studies, and this resulted in wonderful progress.

We are now Seniors, and what a marvelous transformation four years of college life has brought about! For four long years we have applied ourselves to the tasks which



confront college students. We have worked through volumes of English literature, as well as French, German, Greek, and Latin—not to mention the Math. formulae safely stored away in our “brain cells” for future reference. With just one more examination before us, we will have come to the realization of long-cherished hopes; so naturally we are filled with an expressible ecstasy, and spend much of our time in dreaming about what the future has in store for us.

The class of '14 is one of the largest in the history of the college. We are well represented in all the phases of college life. In athletics there are “Slick” Tisdale, star football and baseball player; Capt. “Red” Robinson, also star football and baseball player; Causey, Manager football; and Joe Duke and “Red” Robinson, champion tennis players. In oratory we are well represented by Dunsmore, Lee, and Carson, Dunsmore winning first honors.

It may be of interest to state that there are eight preachers in our class. They are: Carson, Bouldin, Lee, Milford, Thompson, Holmes, Simmons, and Parker. Thompson, Holmes, and Simmons are student volunteers. In the medical world we are to be represented by Causey, Tisdale, J. A. Ward, R. S. Ward, Robinson, Kingry, and Davie. Simmons is to become a medical missionary. Joe Duke will teach for a while and will probably then take up the study of law. We feel especially honored in having as a member of our class Mr. G. W. Bouldin, who is a graduate of the Seminary at Louisville, and who, for the past seven years, has been a missionary to Japan.

As to literary societies and fraternities the class is divided as follows: Eleven Franklins, seven Philomathian, nine non-fraternity men and nine fraternity men. The fraternity men are: Sigma Nu, Causey, Duke, and Davie; Pi Kappa Alpha, Simmons, Jones, and Robinson; Psi Delta, Dunsmore, Kingry, and Thompson.

The members of the class of '14 feel that the world is soon to feel a mighty impulse, inasmuch as we are soon to go forth from these walls—each to find his place and to render his service in the uplift and progress of the race. And whatever success we may attain, to our Alma Mater with its splendid faculty shall be ascribed much of the honor and glory.



"A Nightmare"

I had a sad and freakish dream
 That turned things upside down.
 I dreamed that Holmes couldn't talk,
 That Thompson was a clown.
 I dreamed Fred Simmons wouldn't wear
 A diamond on his shirt,
 That Joseph Duke declared it was
 A wicked thing to flirt.

I dreamed that G. W. Bouldin joined
 A missionary club,
 And filled his books with heroines
 Who hustled for a hub.
 I dreamed that I. Dunsmore's large teeth
 Were busy chewing gum;
 That Reverend Carson grew hoarse
 Decrying mint in rum.

I dreamed that Jones and Robinson
 Sat down to play at cards;
 That R. S. Ward and J. A. Ward became
 Two loving, cooing pards.
 I dreamed that A. S. Lee used slang
 'Til John J. Milford blushed;
 That William C. Tisdale grew mad
 That baseball funds weren't flushed.

I dreamed that Oscar Causey said,
 "Still keep the armor on,"
 And Davie joined in the refrain,
 "All honored victors thus have won."
 Then I dreamed that Parker had lost
 A twenty dollar bill;
 That was the thing that saved me,
 Or I'd been a dreaming still.



Extracts from an Almanac by "Parson"

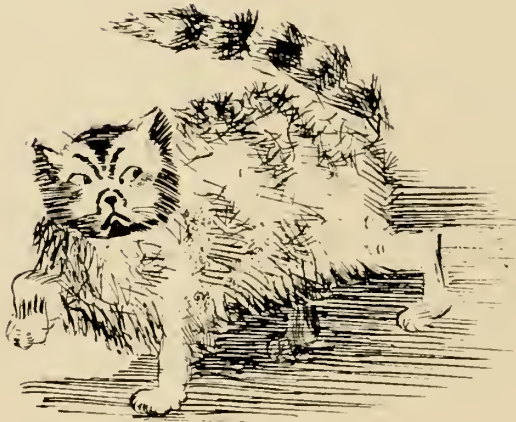
1924.

- Jan. 1.—Tuesday—Oscar Causey falls in love with a rich widow. Courting at once begins.
- Jan. 15.—Tuesday—Joe Duke takes oath of office as head of the Salvation Army.
- Feb. 1.—Friday—J. A. Ward elected as a policeman in Dundee, Ala.
- Feb. 22.—Friday—Birthday of George Washington and Fred Simmons celebrated.
- March 5.—Wednesday—"Red" Robinson nominated as candidate for the Penitentiary. N. B.—"Red" and a pickpocket so favored each other that "Red" was taken for the pickpocket.
- March 6.—Thursday—"Red" Robinson found not guilty, but recommended to change his face.
- March 24.—Monday—Jeff. Thompson receives an appointment to China.
- March 27.—Thursday—Meeting of railroad conductors. C. B. Kingry chosen president.
- April 2.—Wednesday—Prof. Ira G. Dunsmore, on his tour through Europe, sings before the Pope.
- April 17.—Thursday—Mass meeting of the unemployed (tramps) in St. Louis. E. W. Holmes made chief.
- April 29.—Tuesday—W. H. Carson defends woman suffrage in Alabama.
- April 30.—Wednesday—Oscar Causey proposes and is not accepted. He goes west on the same night.
- May 5.—Sunday—Geo. W. Bouldin, A.M., D.D., Ph.D., inaugurated as President of the Baptist Seminary at Tokyo, Japan.
- May 28.—Wednesday—Reunion of class of 1914 at Howard College. Those present were: Lanky Causey, Senator Kingry, Jeff Thompson, Bob Ward, Earl Parker, Bill Carson, Joe Duke, Bun Davie, Roy Jones, Fred Simmons, Red Robinson, Milford, Lee, Slick Tisdale. Jap Bouldin couldn't leave his responsible position. J. A. Ward, being the only policeman in Dundee, was unable to get off. Dunsmore was on his trip through the Far East. Parson Holmes' car (box car) arrived two days later.
- May 29.—Thursday—Roy Jones elected Director of Athletics at Howard College for the next year.
- July 4.—Friday—Bunyan Davie celebrates his independence by getting a divorce from his sixth wife.



- July 29.—Thursday—R. S. Ward buys out the L. & N. Railroad.
- Aug. 6.—Wednesday—A novel written by A. S. Lee, "Cosmetics," creates a sensation over the world.
- Sept. 1.—Monday—Labor Day. Earl Parker delivers a lecture on "Loafing in Gate City."
- Sept. 2.—Tuesday—Manager Tisdale, of the New York Giants, is tendered a loving cup.
- Sept. 9.—Tuesday—Prof. Dunsmore sings before the Czar.
- Sept. 15.—Jeff Thompson sails for Japan.
- Oct. 8.—Wednesday—John Milford buys out a moving picture show.
- Oct. 28.—Sunday—Bun Davie marries his seventh wife.
- Nov. 27.—Thursday—Thanksgiving. The Howard football team, under the excellent coaching of Roy Jones, defeats Alabama 31 to 7.
- Dec. 23.—Tuesday—Causey returns from the West, and renews his love affair.
- Dec. 25.—Thursday—Christmas. J. A. Ward discharged from the police force of Dundee because of being caught drunk on duty.
- Dec. 31.—Wednesday—Causey and the rich widow united in the Holy Bonds of Wedlock by the Rev. A. S. Lee.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."



THE COLLEGE CAT







Junior Class

Colors: Green and White.

Flower: White Rose.

Motto: "Immer Treu."

OFFICERS

W. D. BLACKWELDER	President
BLED SOE KELLY	Vice-President
CLAU D. BOOZER	Secretary
BENJAMIN H. WALKER, JR.	Historian
JAS. D. PICKENS	Jester

ROLL

WM. D. BLACKWELDER, II K A	Philomathian
CLAU D. BOOZER	Franklin
HARRY BROOKS BRADLEY, Σ N	
PEARSON G. COMPTON, Ψ Δ	Franklin
BEN ELLIS DUNAWAY, Ψ Δ	Franklin
ELMER LEE FORD	Franklin
CHAS. MCKEE GARY, Σ N	Franklin
CLARENCE KELLY GILDER, Ψ Δ	Franklin
ARCHIE GLASS	Franklin
CAREY LAFAYETTE HARLAN, Ψ Δ	Franklin
SAMUEL SPURGEON HOWELL	Franklin
JOHN A. HUFF, Ψ Δ	Franklin
BLED SOE KELLY, Σ N	Franklin
L. C. LEFTWICH, Σ N	Philomathian
MARTIN COMEN NEWMAN, Ψ Δ	Franklin
JAS. D. PICKENS	Franklin
JOHN R. ROBERTSON, II K A	Franklin
ROBERT LEE TATE, Ψ Δ	Franklin
SANFORD A. TAYLOR	Franklin
JAS. P. THORNBERRY	Philomathian
B. H. WALKER, JR., II K A	Philomathian
LLOYD D. WATSON, Σ N	Franklin



Oh, Juniors!

If, as the scientists say, a man's brain becomes smaller as he grows older, just think what a one-cylinder affair Thornberry is getting along with now.

* * *

"Mr. Newman," said Prof. Dawson, "hookworm may be a disease, but, my boy, laziness is a habit."

* * *

A young lady friend of Compton's, upon being asked what she thought about simplified spelling, replied: "I think the promoters of it should send missionaries to Howard College."

* * *

Bradley says that too much nagging from the profs makes a fellow mad.

* * *

In writing a sketch of Washington, Glass ended his essay by saying: "Washington married a famous belle, Martha Custis, and in due time became the father of his country."

* * *

Rumor has it that Dunnaway is such a tight-wad that he won't even tell a joke at his own expense.

* * *

Duke: "Don't you know, really, I can't live without you?"

Miss (?): "Well, be of good cheer, Ed, perhaps papa will pension you for life."

* * *

When, in his sermon, Taylor declared with great emphasis: "Brethren, procrastination is the thief of dimes," what was on his mind?

* * *

Walker says that fishing for compliments is about as productive as fishing for trout; you're so likely to land a crab.

* * *

Pickens, noticing in a fashion magazine that our next winter overcoats would have a narrow waist and large sleeves, threw the book down in disgust, and turning up his eyes to the rack, said: "I know better than that; mine will have a wide waist, narrow sleeves and will be slightly worn at the elbows."



Mrs. Harris to Garnet: "Son, I noticed Mr. Kelly didn't sleep in church today at all; I wonder why?"

Garnet: "Well, I'll tell you, mamma, he dropped a dime in the basket instead of a penny and the mistake got on his nerves."

* * *

A recent discovery has revealed the fact that Boozer's happiness is due to his having so little on his brain.

* * *

Ford, passing down the street, stopped in front of the following sign: "Hot Waffles with Maple Syrup from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., 25c." With watering mouth he exclaimed: "Gee! Nine hours. I wonder how long they would let me eat for a nickel?"

* * *

Huff, placing an order for a large bouquet of flowers, asked that they be sent to a certain address and charged to him. "Sure," said the florist, "and your name."

"Oh! never mind the name, she will know," he said.

* * *

Leftwich (in a French restaurant, after having had three years of college French): "This is awful; I've ordered three dishes from this menu and they are all potatoes."

* * *

Gary was asked by his tailor if he wanted padded shoulders in his coat, and replied: "Pad the pants; that's where I need it most."

* * *

Gilder, thinking that the ENTRE NOUS editor might need a number of jokes, presented him with a collection and asked: "What will you give me for these?" The editor looked them over and replied: "Ten yards start."

* * *

"I will be your Valentine," said Harlan.

A shadow passed across the fair face of Miss ——: "I was so in hopes that I would not get any comics this year," she said.

* * *

"Oh, mamma!" cried a young lass who had been receiving special attention from Blackwelder for two years, "he loves me."

Mamma: "Has he told you?"

Young Lass: "No, but he is in the library learning to play chess with papa."



History of Junior Class



WE shall not attempt to recount with any degree of fullness the history of each member of our class, primarily, because of the numerous deeds of each that would have to be mentioned, and also because of a scarcity of space.

The Junior Class of 1913-14 is merely the Sophomore Class of 1912-13, with the addition of a vast amount of knowledge picked up or absorbed by association with "the fellows" and to a slight extent, we might say, by coming in contact with the various members of our wise and beneficent Faculty. As for books, we have often heard of people making companions of them, but we have not yet been able to take this view of the matter. To our minds, books are only masses of paper and printing, to be used as any other innate and lifeless vehicle. But, for the sake of conventionality, we are sometimes forced to burden our minds with a few choice thoughts from said books.

Being so near the last round in the ladder of college fame, we have almost entirely forgotten those days of toil and struggle which we spent during our Freshman and Sophomore years. We have begun to regard "Rats" as human beings and sometimes we actually waste a little of our precious time with them. Another transformation has come about in connection with our social activities. During our "Rat" year and even last year we had a right hard time conducting ourselves gracefully with some members of the fair sex, and many a time we felt somewhat nervous at some of the more exclusive and formal social functions. But such evidences of greenness have been entirely worn off, and we can now handle most any kind of social situation with ruthless abandon. To win the heart of a fair maiden has now become a very menial and ordinary undertaking.

A glance at the "World's Almanac" will reveal unto the reader that the Junior Class of '13-'14 is taking its full quota of college honors and is well represented in every department of college activities.



SOPHOMORES







Sophomore Class

Colors: Gold and Navy Blue.

Flower: Honeysuckle.

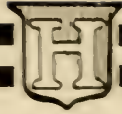
Motto: "Per aspera ad astra."

OFFICERS

LLOYD WATSON	President
D. L. BLACKWELDER	Vice-President
GARNET HARRIS	Secretary
WATSON WALKER	Historian
EMORY BERKSTRESSER	Poet

ROLL

EMORY BERKSTRESSER	
JOHN T. BLACKSHEAR	MARVIN W. LANIER
D. LEE BLACKWELDER	LULA MEHAFFY
TRUMAN A. BLAKE	HENRY THOS. MILLS
PRESTON BLAKE, JR.	JEFF NORMAN, JR.
R. EDWARD DUKE	EUCENE CLAY SHAW
JOHN INZER FREEMAN	JAS. T. SYRING
BENJAMIN H. GARNER	W. T. TENNANT, JR.
GARNET M. HARRIS	ROBERT K. VANN
CHAS. A. HESTER	T. WATSON WALKER



History of Sophomore Class



It is with a conviction of incompetency that the writer attempts to sketch the history of Howard's '16. It would take a volume of great size and an eloquent pen to give the class justice.

The class of '16 has added another year filled with wonderful achievements to its history. Just about a year ago we were undergoing the trying ordeal of being transformed from the green Fresh. state, but since then, by hard labor, we have attained the exalted position of learned Sophomores.

Our work in the past year has been quite successful. In the realm of class work each one has distinguished himself, and the professors will vouch for it. And there are other fields in which they have wrought marvelously. In oratory some have soared to fame, and on the athletic field others have won renown.

Now, the Sophomores of '14-'15, with their rich history behind them, stand upon the threshold of Juniority. We are inflamed with a new life; the light of a fairer day is dawning upon us. Two more years of work stand before us, but we shall ever continue to drive on. Now, dear reader, watch our future history, for soon it will be lengthened by many noble deeds and worthy actions. Look not sneeringly upon our past, but keep in mind this statement:

"As a strong tree from a little shrub grows,
So wise Seniors rise from dull Sophomores."



Alphabet of Sophomores

A is for Acton, with his speed galore;
B is for Blake, with his stiff pompadour.
B is for Berkstresser, our acrostic poet;
B is for Blackshear, who has wit and doesn't know it.
B is for Blackwelder batting the ball;
F is for Freeman, the tiniest of all.
G is for Garner, with football skill;
H is for Harris, with the tennis pill.
L is for Lanier, our only man married;
P is for Powell, the beauty prize carried.
R is for Robertson, our Co-ed's man;
S is for Syring, our volley-ball fan.
T is for Tate, who will in basketball shine;
T is for Tennant, who sings all the time.
U is for Ussery, who belongs to the lassies;
V is for Vann, the rider of classes.
W is for Walker, who over history is bent;
W is for Watson, our beloved President.
Z is the end of the A B C
But our class goes on to eternity.





Freshman Class

Colors: Hazy Blue and Lazy Brown.

Flower: Evergreen.

Motto: "Grow tall and live high."

OFFICERS

G. C. CHANCE	<i>President</i>
LOUISE MCCOY	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARY SWINDALL	<i>Secretary</i>
EUGENE DUNAWAY	<i>Historian</i>
LUCY JONES	<i>Prophet</i>

ROLL

H. A. ADAMS	LOIS HENDRICKS
MENONA ALFORD	LOUISE MCCOY
R. C. BALKCOM	RAYMOND MCPHAUL
ANNIE FAY BARNHART	JOHN McRAE
PRESTON BLAKE	OLIVIA R. MASSEY
G. C. CHANCE	LULA MEHAFFY
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J. E. DUNAWAY, JR.	M. L. PARTIN
W. R. GRIFFIN	H. A. POWELL
D. D. GIBSON	A. H. REID
J. L. GILBERT	VIRGIL ROACH
LUCY JONES	LEAKE VICE
CLARENCE RAMSEY	
H. S. WALLACE	
GUY RAY	



Chronological History of the Freshman Class

1913.

- Sept. 7.—Last Sunday at home. Chandler bids his best love farewell and promises to be faithful forever.
- Sept. 8.—Monday—Packing day; very busy for every one.
- Sept. 9.—Tuesday—Leaving home. Ramsey promises on bended knees to study hard and not to smoke any cigarettes. Newton, as always, has forgotten to put in some article, so he spends a whole week packing—putting in everything. In his hurry he leaves his trunk, 3:30 P. M. At 10:30 P. M. he arrives in the "city."
- Sept. 10.—Wednesday—Sleepy after "hard" night's sleep on a pair of springs and two bed slats. Our air castles crumble when we are exposed to Prof. Dawson for classification. However, we revive upon learning of the advent of seven co-eds, all Freshmen.
- Sept. 11.—Thursday—Dead broke after buying German and History books.
- Sept. 14.—First Sunday in Birmingham.
- Sept. 15.—First day of recitations—many are disappointed at what they really know.
- Sept. 20.—Balkcom's athletic aspirations are given a knock—gets collar bone broken.
- Oct. 22, 23.—First six week's tests. Boys grades outstripped by those of co-eds. Vice makes 99 under Prof. Dawson and gets eleven set-ups.
- Oct. 26.—Football team greatly strengthened by advent of Ray, Newton, Vice, McRae, and Wallace.
- Nov. 27.—Thanksgiving Day. Adams and Balkcom star in football game at Columbiana. Many Freshmen rats eat their first Thanksgiving dinner away from home. Two-year old hens, rice and water enjoyed very much.
- Dec. 19, 20.—We leave for home for Christmas Holidays.
- Dec. 20, 29.—Short but sweet vacation with the girl we left behind.
- Dec. 30.—Another sad day in the upward journey. McMillan promises never to go to see a girl during his college career.
- Dec. 31.—Work begins anew.

1914.

- Jan. 19-23.—Mid-term exams! Our aspirations are humiliated by our grades. Wallace surprises every one by passing in one study.



- Jan. 26.—Advent of another co-ed into the ranks of the Freshman class. Second term begins.
- Feb. 16.—Monday—"Arbor Day."
- Feb. 25.—Four inches of snow. Faculty and co-eds have battle,—latter victorious.
- March 6.—Tests. Many improve their grades. Boys beat some of the co-eds. Vice makes 100 in French! Spring arrives, accompanied by the usual spring fever.
- April 1.—Freshmen celebrate their class day by missing every lesson.





Freshman Class Prophecy



E had reached Chicago at last, and you can't imagine how glad we were. Just as I was stepping off the train I heard a voice calling me, and, turning around, I saw Mr. Adams. He told me that he was a tobacco drummer, and that Mr. Chance was teaching school. I talked to him until his train came.

The day had been cloudy, but then a ray of sunlight came out, and I saw this sign across the street: "A. L. Dawson Hat Co." I hurried across the street and went into the store, finding Mr. Dawson very busy trying to sell Mr. Powell and Mr. Chandler some hats. But they declared they must have the very best, as they were living advertisements for "Kartus and Weinstein." In a chat with them I learned that Mr. Balkcom and Mr. McRae were going to have a motorcycle race that afternoon at the exposition.

As I came out I saw a big, fat man with lots of books under his arm. This was no other than David Gibson. I noticed that one of the books was "Short Cuts to Math," by Lois Hendricks. Of course I inquired about Lois and learned that she was teaching at Vassar.

Mr. Gibson asked me to lunch with him, and we went to the daintiest little place! We had not been there long when I noticed a tall woman come in. David told me this was Lula Mehaffey. Soon she saw us and came over, declaring that she was going to take care of me. Lula had been married five years and had made Chicago her home. Upon her invitation we visited the fair that afternoon.

At this exposition I saw many curious sights. Among them was Virgil Roach, who had joined a show and had at last found his talent.

Goodness; such noise! Oh, that was only Leake Vice announcing Olivia Massey and Raymond McPhaul in an acrobatic stunt.

Then we saw Mr. Reed, who was manager of the exposition. He gave us tickets to the "Ole Plantation" show. In this I recognized Messrs. Partins, Newton, Parsons, and Norman. Eugene Dunaway had brought some products from his Alabama farm, which won first prize.

Mr. Wallace and Guy Ray told me how much they enjoyed the sacred bonds of matrimony, but Mary Swindall said she was still able to ward off the men.

Just then an auto with Menonna and Clarence Ramsey in it flew past. I was told that she was a trained nurse and he a doctor. I wondered at this.

We left the exposition just in time to catch a glimpse of Preston Blake, who was demonstrating the advantages in "Self-Rising Flour." On our way home I noticed



a little woman with a bonnet tied under her chin ringing a bell. This was dear old Louise. She had been disappointed in love and had joined the Salvation Army. Next we came to a large building on which there was this sign: "Barnhart-Tyler Seminary." I knew at once that this was Fay and Miriam, but I wondered what they would ever be able to teach. As we stood looking at it Bill Griffin came out. He spoke to me and asked me to accept the position as organist at his church, for he was pastor of one of the largest churches in Chicago. I told him I would think about it, but I didn't, for I was so tired when we reached home that I soon slipped off in Dreamland.

Freshman Class Poem

We look before and after,
 Bearing well in mind
 The "Sophies" go before us,
 The "Preps" lag on behind.

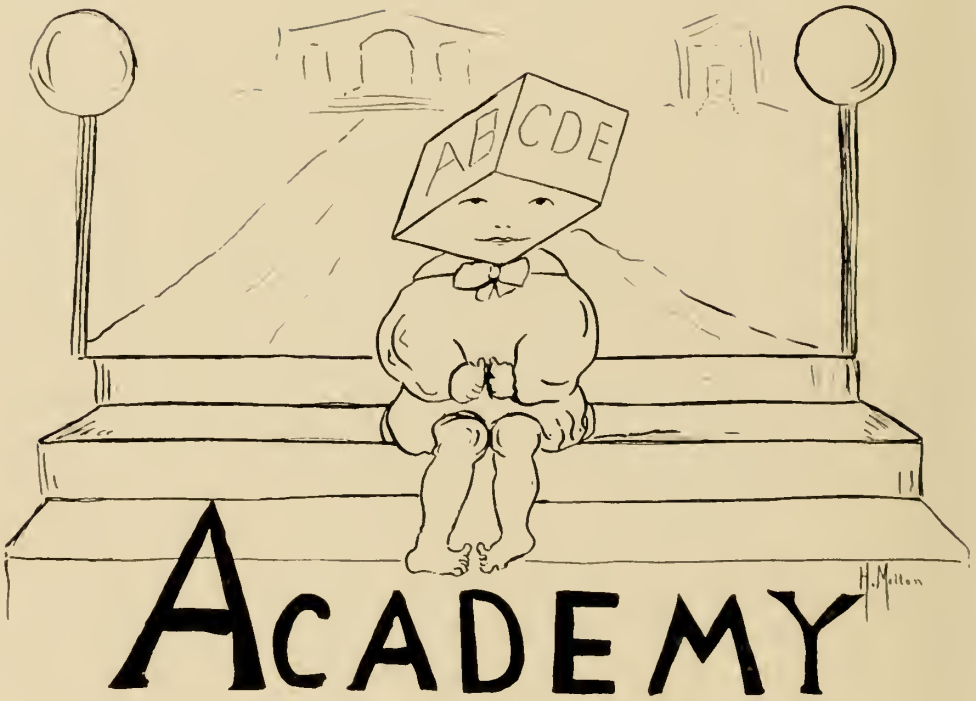
So, then, we are the "Freshies;"
 At least they call us so;
 Then tarry for a moment
 And hear our tale of woe.

We then resolved in earnest
 To be winners in the strife,
 For we had come from home to college
 To learn the useful life.

The first day we had entered,
 From harsh looks we did learn
 Unless we began to study,
 The way for us would burn.

Then from darkest woe to brightest joy
 Our work at once did turn,
 For all true loyal Freshmen
 Their tasks began to learn.

And when this year is over,
 And the Freshman's battle won,
 We'll call ourselves the "Sophies"
 Till Fifteen's work is done.





B. L. NOOJIN
COACH

B. L. NOOJIN, B.S.

Principal of the High School and Physical Director

B. S., University of Alabama, 1908; Teacher of Science and Physical Director, Ninth District Agricultural School, Blountsville, Ala., 1908-'11; Teacher of Science and Physical Director, Seventh District Agricultural School, Albertville, Ala., 1911-'12; Principal of High School and Physical Director of Howard College since 1912.



E. M. HAGGARD, A.B.
INSTRUCTOR IN HIGH SCHOOL



J. C. HOCKETT, A.B.
INSTRUCTOR IN HIGH SCHOOL



J. D. JACKSON, A.B.
INSTRUCTOR IN HIGH SCHOOL



A. S. LEE
INSTRUCTOR IN HIGH SCHOOL





Roll of High School

JOHN C. ABERNATHY

W. W. ADAMS

ROGER ALLEN

F. M. AVILLIONS

F. A. BELL

JONES R. BUTLER

J. D. BURSON

E. BAGWELL

W. P. BREEN

C. G. BURSÓN

G. COLLINS

H. CARLISLE

C. E. CULVERHOUSE

JEROME CROW

ROY COLLEY

JIMMY COOK

FRED CARLISLE

C. CUNNINGHAM

A. D. CARLISLE

L. CRANFORD

F. CARMACK

J. F. DURAN

V. E. DOWNEY

L. W. DOCKERY

C. DAVIS

F. W. DOSTER

D. ENSLEY

CLEVELAND ELLIS

C. H. FERGUSON

J. E. GILMORE

W. H. GRIFFIN

FRED GALLANT

P. HARRIS

R. H. HORTON

W. G. JACKSON

WEBB JORDAN

G. W. JACKSON



ROLL OF HIGH SCHOOL

PAUL JENKINS

C. C. JONES

M. JENKINS

C. KING

R. G. LECKIE

W. D. LEWIS

R. LOWERY

PROUGH LEWIS

G. P. LEDYARD

K. E. LEMKE

R. LEMKE

J. F. LAVVORN

FRED MARTIN

JAS. A. MOORE

LOUIS MCPHAUL

H. MASON

D. C. MASON

DAN NORMAN

D. J. ORR

J. P. WALLACE

JOHN PITCHFORD

N. RENFROE

VAUX OWENS

T. H. ROBERTSON

C. J. STEELE

T. C. STEELEY

O. STODGHILL

OWEN SWINDALL

J. W. SOUTHERLAND

J. SELF

J. A. SORRELL

H. STEPHENS

S. H. SADLER

S. A. THOMPSON

W. M. THOMPSON

W. B. WOODALL

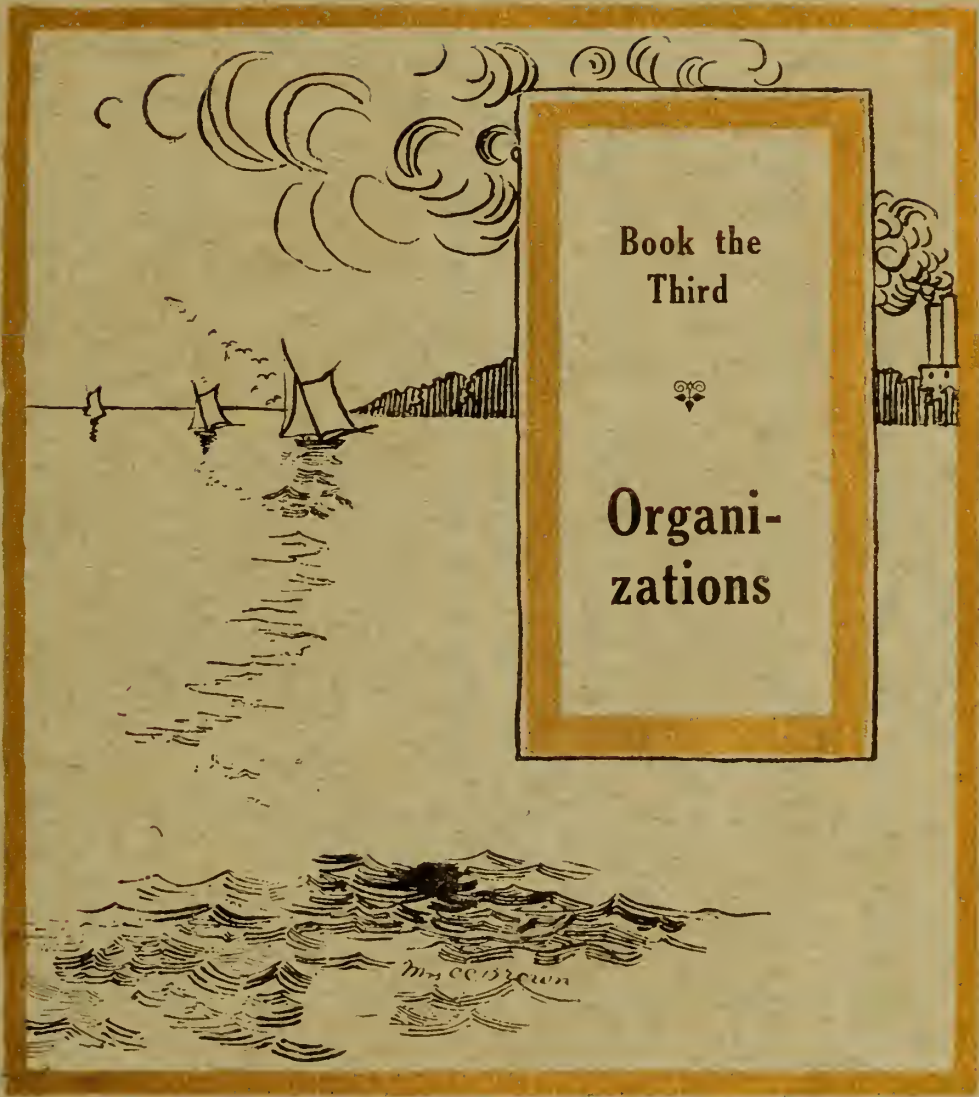
V. H. WATSON

GORDON WOOD

R. L. WYATT

W. WOOTEN

WARD YEAGER



Book the
Third



Organi-
zations

Mrs C. C. Brown



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PANORAMIC VIEW OF EAST LAKE





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J. A. HUFF	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
W. D. BLACKWELDER	<i>Secretary</i>
O. S. CAUSEY	<i>Assistant Secretary-Treasurer</i>
G. I. DUNSMORE	<i>Treasurer</i>







SIGMA NU HALL





Sigma Nu

Founded at Virginia Military Institute in 1869.

Colors: Old Gold, Black and White.

Flower: White Rose

FOUNDERS

JAMES F. HOPKINS
JOHN W. HOPSON

JAMES M. RILEY
GREENFIELD QUARLES

IOTA CHAPTER OF SIGMA NU

Established in 1879.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

CLASS OF 1914

OSCAR SAMUEL CUASEY	Healing Springs, Alabama
BUNYAN DAVIE, JR.	Clayton, Alabama
JOSEPHUS FRANK DUKE	Gadsden, Alabama

CLASS OF 1915

HARRY BROOKS BRADLEY	Birmingham, Alabama
CHARLES M. GARY	Midway, Alabama
BLEDSON KELLY	Birmingham, Alabama
LEWIS LEFTWICH	Lineville, Alabama

CLASS OF 1916

PRESTON BLAKE	Birmingham, Alabama
JOHN INZER FREEMAN	Ashville, Alabama
J. D. NORMAN	Birmingham, Alabama
CLAY SHAW	Cuba, Alabama
LLOYD WATSON	Hartford, Alabama

CLASS OF 1917

B. DANIEL NORMAN	Birmingham, Alabama
RAYMOND MCPHAUL	Birmingham, Alabama



IOTA CHAPTER OF SIGMA NU

ROLL OF CHAPTERS

Leland Stanford, Jr. University		
University of Virginia	University of Michigan	
University of N. C.	University of Chicago	
Delaware State College	Albion College	
Virginia Military Institute	Lombard University	
Washington and Lee Univ.	Iowa State University	
Vanderbilt University	Iowa State College	
State University of Ky.	University of Minnesota	
University of Ga.	University of Nebraska	
University of Ala.	Kansas State University	
Howard College	Missouri State University	
N. Georgia Agr. College	William Jewel College	
Mercer University	Missouri School of Mines	
North Carolina A. and M. College	Washington University	
Alabama Polytechnic Inst.	Oklahoma University	
Georgia School of Technology	University of Texas	
Univ. of Pennsylvania	Louisiana State University	
Bethany College	Tulane University	
Ohio State University	University of Arkansas	
Mt. Union-Scio College	Colorado School of Mines	
University of W. Va.	University of Colorado	
LaFayette College	University of Oregon	
Western Reserve University	University of Montana	
Northwestern University	Washington State College	
University of Wisconsin	Lehigh University	
University of Illinois	University of California	
Case School of Applied Science		
Cornell University		
Syracuse University	Rose Polytechnic Institute	Emory College
Pennsylvania State College	University of Vermont	Stetson University
DePauw University	Stevens Institute of Technology	Lombard College
Perdue University	Dartmouth College	Kansas State Agr. College
University of Indiana	Columbia University	University of Maine
	Brown University	





PI KAPPA ALPHA CHAPTER HOUSE



Pi Kappa Alpha

Founded at University of Virginia, on March 1, 1868.
Colors: Garnet and Old Gold. *Flower:* Lily of the Valley

FOUNDERS
FREDERICK S. TAYLOR, B.A. LITTLETON W. TAZEWELL
JULIAN E. WOOD, M.D. JAMES B. SCHLATER
ROBERTSON HOWARD, M.D.

ALPHA PI CHAPTER OF PI KAPPA ALPHA
Established 1911

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

CLASS OF 1914

IRA FRED SIMMONS Monroeville, Alabama
ROY ALFRED JONES Newton, Alabama
ROBERT ROBINSON Thorsby, Alabama

CLASS OF 1915

WILSON DEAN BLACKWELDER Birmingham, Alabama
BEN HILL WALKER Camp Hill, Alabama
EMMETT FITZHUGH DAY Birmingham, Alabama
ROBERT EDWIN DUKE Birmingham, Alabama

CLASS OF 1916

JOHN REUBEN ROBERTSON Bessemer, Alabama
DAVID LEE BLACKWELDER Birmingham, Alabama
WILLIAM TRACY TENNANT Roanoke, Alabama
GORDON CLOPTON USSERY Roanoke, Alabama

CLASS OF 1917

WILLIE C. GRIFFIN Cullman, Alabama
GREEN CODY CHANCE Union Springs, Alabama
ANDREW LEWIS DAWSON Tuscaloosa, Alabama
RANSOM CARSON BALKCOM Midland City, Alabama



ALPHA PI CHAPTER OF PI KAPPA ALPHA

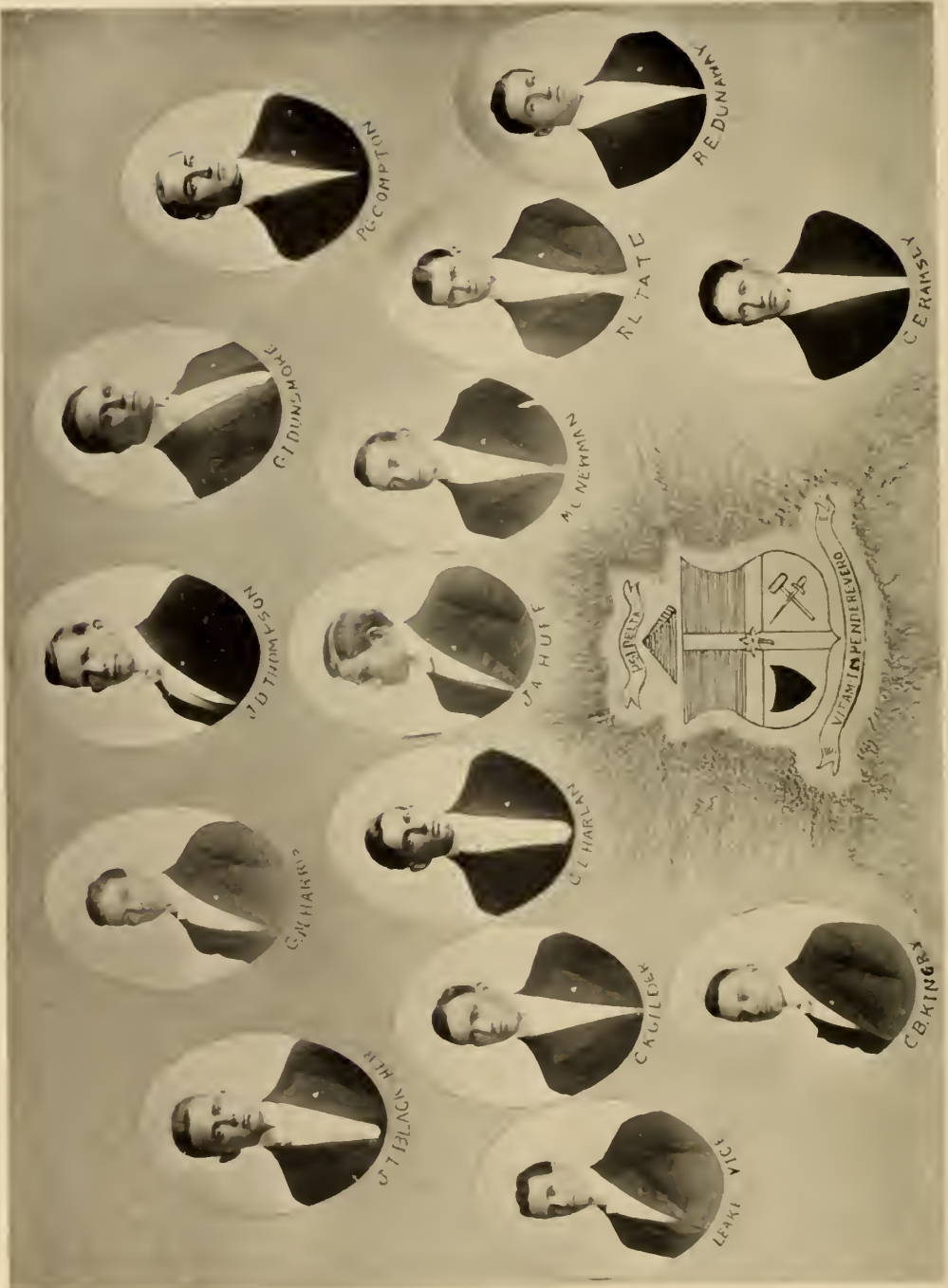
ROLL OF CHAPTERS

University of Virginia	University, Virginia
Davidson College	Davidson, North Carolina
William and Mary College	Williamsburg, Virginia
Southern University	Greensboro, Alabama
University of Tennessee	Knoxville, Tennessee
Tulane University	New Orleans, Louisiana
Southwestern Presbyterian University	Clarksville, Tennessee
Hampden-Sidney College	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
Transylvania University	Lexington, Kentucky
Richmond College	Richmond, Virginia
Washington and Lee University	Lexington, Virginia
University of North Carolina	Chapel Hill, North Carolina
Alabama Polytechnic Institute	Auburn, Alabama
North Georgia Agricultural College	Dahlonga, Georgia
Kentucky State University	Lexington, Kentucky
Trinity College	Durham, North Carolina
Louisiana State University	Baton Rouge, Louisiana
Georgia School of Technology	Atlanta, Georgia
North Carolina A. & M. College	Raleigh, North Carolina
University of Arkansas	Fayetteville, Arkansas
University of State of Florida	Gainesville, Florida
Millsaps College	Jackson, Mississippi
Missouri School of Mines	Rolla, Missouri
Georgetown College	Georgetown, Kentucky
University of Georgia	Athens, Georgia
University of Missouri	Columbia, Missouri
University of Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio
Southwestern University	Georgetown, Texas
Howard College	East Lake, Alabama
Ohio State University	Columbus, Ohio
University of California	Berkeley, California
University of Utah	Salt Lake City, Utah
New York City	New York City
I. S. C.—"Ames"	Ames, Iowa
Syracuse University	Syracuse, N. Y.
Rutgers College	New Brunswick, New Jersey
K. S. A. C.—"Manhattan"	Manhattan, Kansas
Pennsylvania State College	State College, Pennsylvania





PSI DELTA HALL





Psi Delta

(Local—Founded in 1900)

Colors: Purple and Gold.

Flower: Violet.

FOUNDERS

MEL DURANT SMITH
W. L. CRAWFORD

FLAVINS HATCHER HAWKINS
ALBERT LEE SMITH

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

ELIAS MARTIN HAGGARD
PERCY PRATT BURNS
JAMES D. JACKSON

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

CLASS OF 1914

GEORGE IRA DUNSMORE	Stanton, Alabama
JEFF DAVIS THOMPSON	Birmingham, Alabama

CLASS OF 1915

PEARSON GRADY COMPTON	Demopolis, Alabama
BEN ELLIS DUNAWAY	Orville, Alabama
CLARENCE KELLY GILDER	Carbon Hill, Alabama
CAREY LAFAYETTE HARLAN	Alexander City, Alabama
JOHN AMOS HUFF	Birmingham, Alabama
MARTIN COMER NEWMAN	Collinsville, Alabama
ROBERT LEE TATE	Birmingham, Alabama

CLASS OF 1916

JOHN THOMAS BLACKSHEAR	Dothan, Alabama
GARNETT MITCHELL HARRIS	Birmingham, Alabama

CLASS OF 1917

LEAKE VICE	Carbon Hill, Alabama
CHARLES BOWDON KINGRY, (A.M. 1914)	Montgomery, Alabama





LITERARY SOCIETIES







Franklin Literary Society

Founded 1858.

Colors: Pink and White.

ROLL

G. P. LEDYARD		S. A. TAYLOR
J. F. McRAE		W. C. TISDALE
M. C. NEWMAN		G. C. USSERY
T. E. BAGWELL	G. E. NEWTON	E. L. VICE G. L. LAMBERTH
R. C. BALKCOM	D. J. ORR	T. W. WALKER J. F. GALLANT
J. T. BLACKSHEAR	GEORGE PAPPAS	J. A. WARD C. M. GARY
T. A. BLAKE	C. I. SHAW	R. S. WARD D. D. GIBSON
C. D. BOOZER	I. F. SIMMONS	L. D. WATSON C. K. GILDER
O. S. CAUSEY	C. J. STEELE	F. M. WILLIAMS A. F. GLASS
GRADY COLLINS	J. T. SYRING	W. B. WOODALL W. R. GRIFFIN
P. G. COMPTON	R. L. TATE	R. L. WYATT C. L. HARLAN
JEROME CROW	J. R. ROBERTSON	G. M. HARRIS
CECIL DAVIS	WARD YEAGER	E. W. HOLMES
A. L. DAWSON		J. A. HUFF
V. E. DOWNEY		GEORGE JACKSON
J. F. DUKE		GLADSTONE JACKSON
J. E. DUNAWAY, JR.		PAUL JENKINS
B. E. DUNAWAY		W. W. JORDAN
G. I. DUNSMORE		BLED SOE KELLY
J. I. FREEMAN		C. B. KINGRY
E. L. FORD	H. E. MASON	
	CLARENCE RAMSEY	
	J. D. PICKENS	





Philomathic Literary Society

ROLL

Founded 1847.

Colors: Sky Blue and White.

J. C. ABERNATHY
J. A. ACTON
H. A. ADAMS
W. W. ADAMS
F. A. BELL
E. BERKSTRESSER
D. L. BLACKWELDER
W. D. BLACKWELDER
G. W. BOULDIN
W. H. CARSON
G. C. CHANCE
W. W. CHANDLER

J. L. P. COOK
B. DAVIS, JR.
L. W. DOCKERY
W. T. EDWARDS
DOLIUS ENSLEY
C. H. FERGUSON
B. H. GARNER
J. H. GILBERT
W. H. GRIFFIN
C. H. HESTER
R. A. JONES
M. W. LANIER
A. S. LEE
L. C. LEFTWICH
J. T. LOVVORN
RUPERT LOWERY
H. S. McMILLON
J. J. MILFORD
H. T. MILLS
VAUX OWEN
EARL PARKER

J. E. PARSONS
H. A. POWELL
GUY RAY
A. H. REID
ROBERT ROBINSON
OWEN SWINDALL
T. E. STEELY
J. D. THOMPSON
B. H. WALKER
H. S. WALLACE
J. P. WALLACE
A. B. ZBINDEN



The College Girls

Who wouldn't praise them? I think it right
To laud their virtues,—these angels of light
Who came to cheer us when clouds were low,
Bringing us sunshine, dispelling our woe.

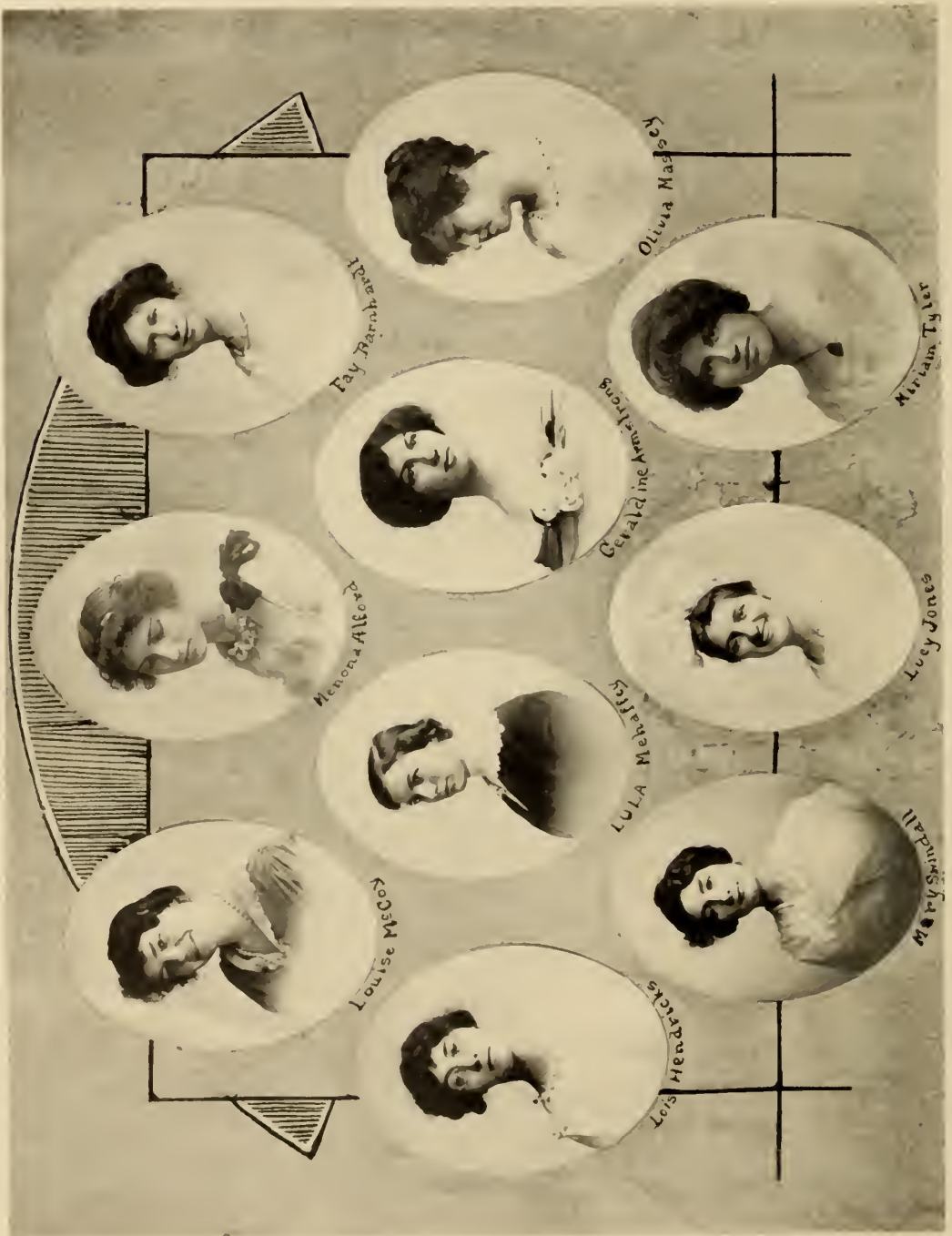
Their souls are crystal, their hearts are gold;
Their minds are brilliants,—made so to betray
The beauties of heaven. They're fairer than day,
Purer than truth, than the sun's bright ray.

Like flowers in bloom when springtime is near,
As the songs of the birds so pleasant to hear,
As musical waters which ripple in glee,
Humming sweet melody on their way to the sea,

As beauty departed, as scenes that have been,
As sweet to remember as a lover's bright dream.
There is nothing so beautiful as these diamonds and pearls,
So I speak the praise of the sweet college girls.

—*W. T. Tennant, Jr.*







Shelburne Literary Society

Founded 1913.
Colors: Violet and Lilac.

ROLL

MENONA ALFORD
GERALDINE ARMSTRONG
FAY BARNHART
LOIS HENDRICKS
MRS. J. C. HOCKETT
LUCY JONES
OLIVIA MASSEY
LULA MEHAFFEY
LOUISE MCCOY
MARY SWINDALL
MIRIAM TYLER





Young Men's Christian Association

OFFICERS

IRA FRED SIMMONS	<i>President</i>
BEN ELLIS DUNAWAY	<i>Vice-President</i>
W. W. ADAMS	EMORY BERKSTRESSER <i>Secretary</i>
H. A. ADAMS	PEARSON G. COMPTON <i>Treasurer</i>
C. D. BOOZER	W. H. GRIFFIN
W. BOULDIN	W. R. GRIFFIN
F. A. BELL	G. M. HARRIS
T. A. BLAKE	E. W. HOLMES

ROLL

G. C. CHANCE	C. L. HARLAN
L. B. CRANFORD	S. S. HOWELL
C. CUNNINGHAM	W. W. JORDEN
W. W. CHANDLER	R. A. JONES
O. S. CAUSEY	E. L. FORD
P. G. COMPTON	H. McMILLAN
V. E. DOWNEY	H. E. MASON
B. E. DUNAWAY	C. H. HESTER
J. E. DUNAWAY	J. F. McRAE
W. T. EDWARDS	GEORGE PAPPAS
J. I. FREEMAN	J. D. PICKENS
J. E. PARSON	
EMORY BERKSTRESSER	
W. D. BLACKWELDER	
D. L. BLACKWELDER	
T. H. ROBERTSON	
ROBERT ROBINSON	
I. F. SIMMONS	
S. A. TAYLOR	
J. D. THOMPSON	
J. P. THORNBERRY	
J. T. SYRING	
R. K. VANN	
LEAKE VICE	
W. B. WOODALL	
B. H. WALKER	
H. A. WALLACE	
WARD YEAGER	
A. H. REID	
E. C. SHAW	
J. A. WARD	



VOLUNTEERS



I. F. SIMMONS *Leader*
 E. BERKSTRESSER *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

F. A. BELL	W. W. CHANDLER
E. BERKSTRESSER	D. C. MASON
T. A. BLAKE	I. F. SIMMONS
G. W. BOULDIN	J. D. THOMPSON





Ministerial Class

J. C. ABERNATHY	J. L. P. COOK
W. W. ADAMS	L. B. CRANFORD
F. A. BELL	C. CUNNINGHAM
E. BERKSTRESSER	L. W. DOCKERY
M. W. LANIER	W. T. EDWARDS
C. D. BOOZER	D. ENSLEY
G. W. BOULDIN	C. ELLIS
J. D. BURSON	J. H. GILBERT
W. H. CARSON	W. H. GRIFFIN
W. W. CHANDLER	C. H. HESTER
C. C. CHANCE	E. W. HOLMES
J. W. SOUTHERLAND	
V. C. KINCAID	
W. D. BLACKWELDER	
J. A. HUFF	T. E. STEELEY
A. S. LEE	S. A. TAYLOR
G. P. LEDYARD	J. D. THOMPSON
H. S. McMILLAN	S. A. THOMPSON
D. C. MASON	J. P. THORNBERRY
J. J. MILFORD	J. P. WALLACE
E. PARKER	V. H. WATSON
J. D. PICKENS	R. L. WYATT
A. H. REID	T. C. WYATT
T. H. ROBERTSON	A. B. ZBINDEN
I. F. SIMMONS	J. T. LOVORN





Glee Club

OFFICERS

RIENZI THOMAS	<i>Director</i>
I. F. SIMMONS	<i>President</i>
PROF. J. C. HOCKETT	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

FIRST TENORS

W. W. ADAMS
F. A. BELL
D. L. BLACKWELDER
G. P. LEDYARD
E. BERKSTRESSER

SECOND TENORS

W. H. CARSON
VAUX OWENS
DAVID GIBSON
J. F. McRAE
J. R. ROBERTSON
W. G. JACKSON
W. T. EDWARDS
C. M. GARY

FIRST BASS

J. C. HOCKETT
G. W. BOULDIN
H. S. WALLACE
W. WOOTEN

SCOND BASS

E. W. HOLMES
H. A. ADAMS
I. F. SIMMONS
A. H. REID



Garner and Company Improvement Association

B. H. GARNER *President and General Manager*
 "SOGGY" BLACKSHEAR *Foreman*
 "LOUISE" SYRING *Assistant Foreman*
 WATSON WALKER *Teamster*

CREW

GIBSON
 ADAMS
 POWELL
 BELL
 DAWSON
 JACKSON
 WALLACE
 NEWTON







Medico Club

Motto: "You may run around for a little while, but we'll get you in the end."

OFFICERS

J. A. WARD *President*
 B. H. GARNER *Vice President*
 W. T. TENNANT, JR. *Secretary and Treasurer*

YELL

Yell, yell, yell like hell
 M-E-D-I-C-A-L
 Quinine, strychnine, blood and pus,
 What the devil is the matter with us?
 Nothing, nothing, hold your reins
 We're the guys who fix your pains.

ROLL

B. H. GARNER	O. S. CAUSEY
C. B. KINGRY	C. K. GILDER
G. C. USSERY	I. F. SIMMONS
R. S. WARD	ROBERT ROBINSON
J. A. WARD	T. A. BLAKE
H. E. MASON	W. C. TISDALE
I. E. BAGWELL	P. G. COMPTON
W. T. TENNANT, JR.	G. E. NEWTON
J. E. DUNAWAY	C. E. RAMSEY
C. M. CARY	IRA DUNSMORE
JANITOR GREEN—"STIFF"	



Red Club

Object: To shine.

BRADLEY

RAMSEY

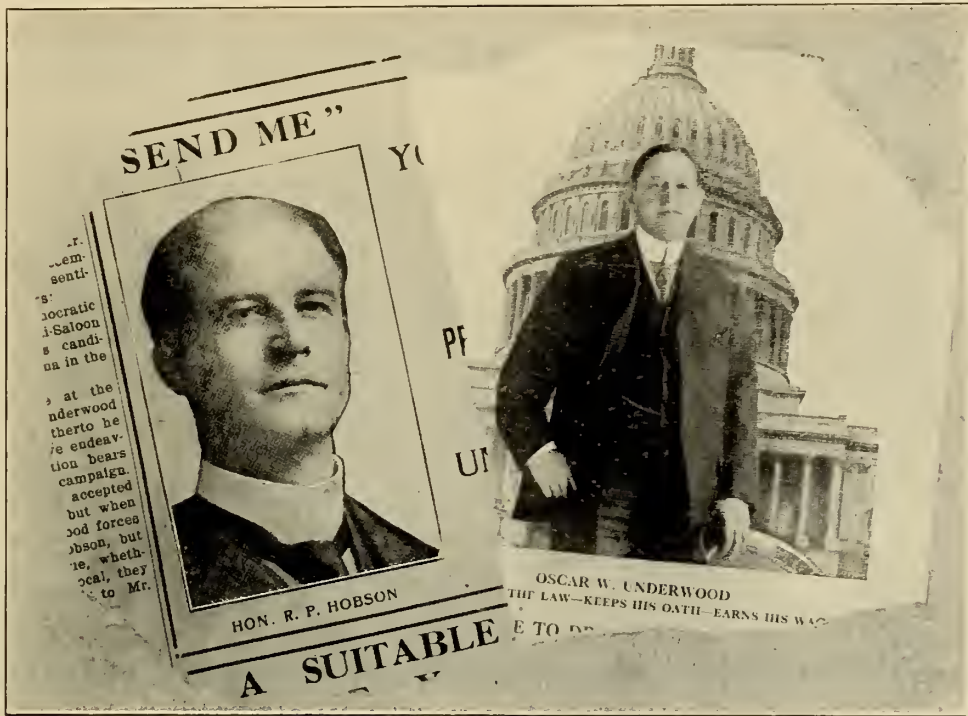
FORD

ROBINSON

MISS FAY BARNHART

Christmas Bachelor's Club

"SLICK" TISDALE	Cook
"CROOK" GARNER	Housekeeper
"SOGGY" BLACKSHEAR	Purchasing Agent
"BIG" TAYLOR	Consumer
"CUTEY" DUNSMORE	Free Boarder
"SALLIE" THORNBERRY	Chaplain



Underwood Club

TENNANT
USSERY
RAMSEY
TAYLOR
COMPTON

LAMBRETH
W. R. GRIFFIN
J. R. ROBERTSON
CAUSEY
ROBINSON

HARLAN
ACTON
R. E. DUKE
PARKER
SORRELL

BRADLEY
FREEMAN
J. E. DUNAWAY
BOOZER
W. H. GRIFFIN

Hobson Club

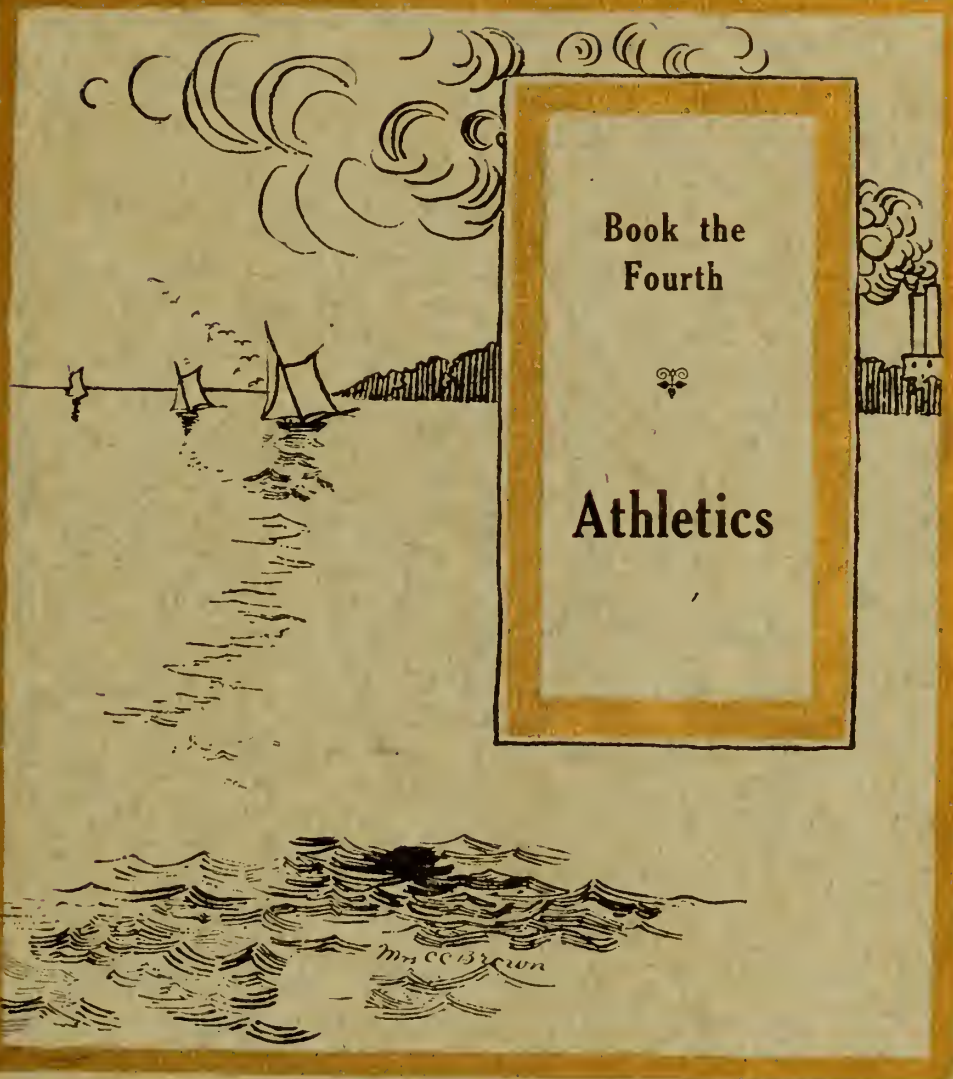
GILDER
DUNSMORE
HARLAN
WALKER
DAWSON
REID
VICE
MCMILLAN
W. D. BLACKWELDER
D. L. BLACKWELDER
THORNBERRY
WALLACE

EVANS
BAGWELL
NEWTON
BELL
CRANFORD
DAVIS
COLLINS
WOODALL
ABERNATHY
JONES
CHANCE

FERGUSON
TISDALE
MCRÆ
DAVIE
WATSON
SHAW
WALKER
GARNER
B. E. DUNAWAY
BERKSTRESSER
BLACKSHEAR

R. S. WARD
J. A. WARD
PICKENS
T. A. BLAKE
HESTER
OWENS
COLLEY
DOWNEY
LEDYARD
ADAMS
SIMMONS
PAPPAS



The cover features a yellow border. On the left, a seascape illustration shows three sailboats on the water, with a distant shoreline and stylized clouds above. On the right, a factory with two smoking chimneys is partially visible. A central white rectangle with a yellow border contains the title text.

Book the
Fourth



Athletics

Myce Brown



B. L. NOOJIN
COACH



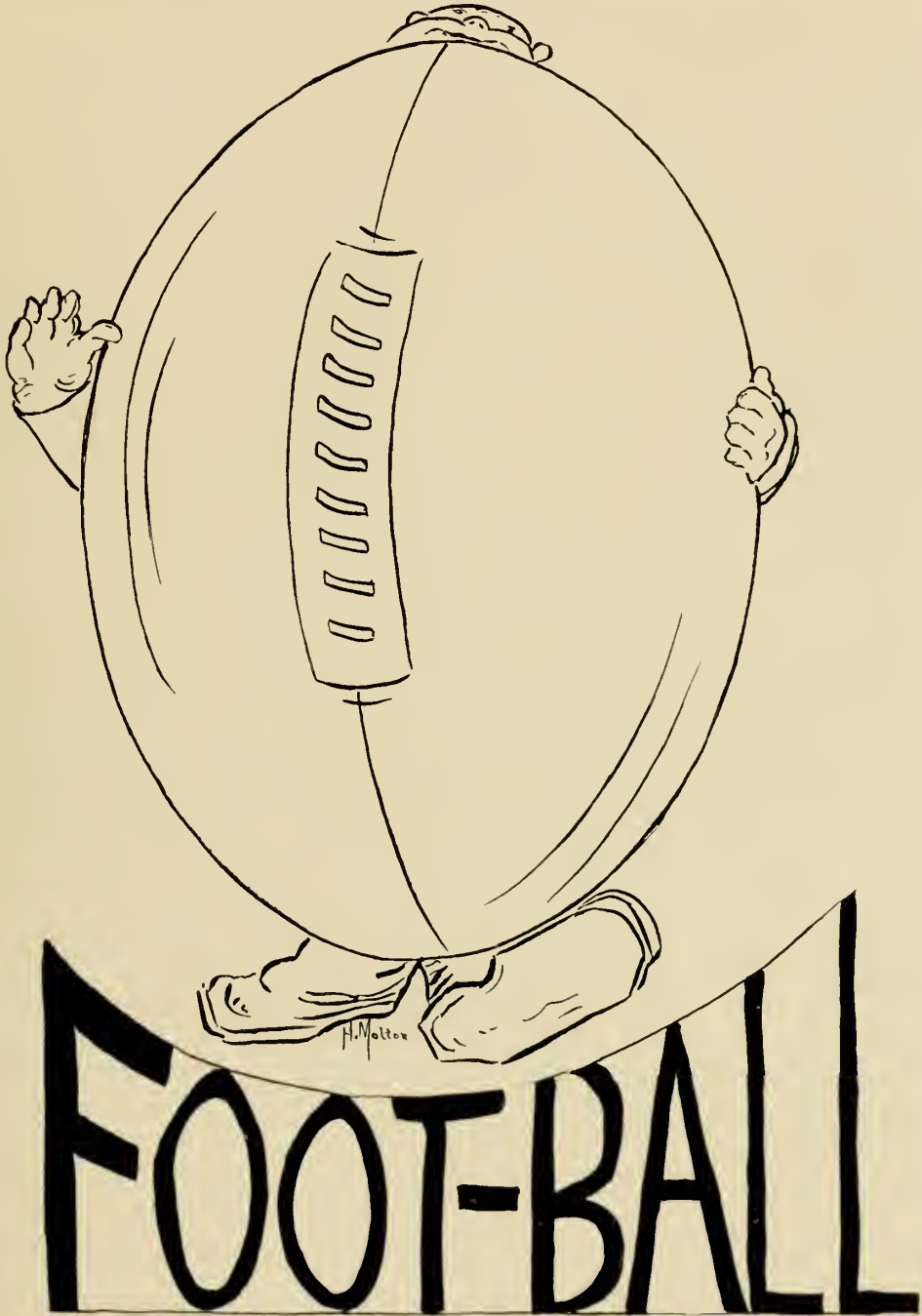
Athletic Association

OFFICERS

I. F. SIMMONS	President
R. S. WARD	Vice-President
B. L. NOOJIN	Secretary and Treasurer

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

	I. F. SIMMONS	W. A. BERRY
	R. ROBINSON	B. L. NOOJIN
W. D. BLACKWELDER	WALLACE	LEFTWICH
LEE BLACKWELDER	EDWARDS	B. H. WALKER
DAVIE	PARKER	POWELL
McRAE	NEWMAN	J. R. ROBERTSON
BERKSTRESSER	COLLINS	T. W. WALKER
SYRING	DUNSMORE	GALLANT
CRANFORD	LAMBERT	L. DAWSON
WILLIAMS	HASTY	KING
B. E. DUNAWAY	RAY	THORNBERRY
J. E. DUNAWAY	CARMACK	CAUSEY
SELF	ENSLEY	HOLMES
SOUTHERLAND	BRADLEY	CARSON
BLACKSHEAR	JONES	TENNANT
NEWMAN	R. E. DUKE	NEWTON
ALLEN	ACTON	KINGRY
BELL	HESTER	THOMPSON
ABERNATHY	MASON	J. NORMAN
HARLAN	YEAGER	PARSONS
BOULDIN	GRIFFIN	McPHAUL
FORD	B. NORMAN	LOWERY
GIBSON	PARSONS	DOCKERY
CHANCE	CHANDLER	GILMORE
McMILLAN	REID	EDWARDS
GARY	VICE	OWENS
R. S. WARD	GARNER	BAGWELL
J. A. WARD	CROW	LEWIS
LOWERY	RICH	VANN
SIMMONS	GILDER	RAMSEY
T. A. BLAKE	DURAN	WATSON
SORRELL	ROBINSON	USSERY
DOWNEY	BOOZER	A. D. CARLYSLE







A Review of Football for 1913



THE season of 1913 was one of the most successful in the history of the college. Most of last year's Varsity team was back this year in good condition, and showed a spirit to fight from the start.

Coach Noojin was on hand at the beginning, and school was scarcely open before he had a big bunch of huskies on the field ready for work. We should consider ourselves fortunate in having him with us, for he ranks among the best coaches of the South.

Under his management the athletic spirit of the college has at last awakened to the fact that it is only a few years before Howard will have a football team which will compete with the other colleges of the South. He has put athletics on such a firm basis that everybody is interested, and it will not be many years before Howard will be to the South what Colgate is to the East.

Coach Noojin's ability can be best shown by the way he got together a team for the first game. With only about three weeks before the first game he rounded up a team that made the "Thin Red Line" of Alabama open their eyes and take notice.

Although the game with Alabama resulted in a defeat for us, we won the name of being a bunch of fighters and clean football players. Alabama scored in the first part of the game, but the "Fighting Baptists" never stopped playing until the whistle was sounded for the end of the game. This game seemed to awaken the spirit of the team, and they fought with a determination to win the whole season through, even if they were fighting against what seemed to be a losing proposition.

After the Alabama game came the following games: Mississippi A. & M., Jacksonville Normal College, Albertville, Alabama Presbyterian College, Florence Normal College, Blountville, Birmingham College, and Mississippi College. The games with Mississippi A. & M. and Mississippi College resulted in defeats for us, while the game with Jacksonville College resulted in a tie. The remainder of the games were victories for us, some of which were the hardest fought of the season.

Revenge is sweet, and sweetest of all was our revenge when we defeated Birmingham College. Every player went into the game with vengeance in his heart, and was determined to reap it, no matter how dear the cost might be. A determination backed by never-ceasing fight was more than Birmingham College could stand, and when the game ended the score was 31 to 0 in favor of the "Fighting Baptists."

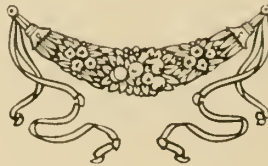
A retrospective glance over the past season will show us that Howard had one of the best teams in her history, and one that we should all be proud of. The team was



a little stronger on the defense than offense, this being due to a lack of weight. But when it comes to the working of the forward pass Coach Noojin brought forth a machine that could do this to perfection.

The team taken as a whole was composed of clean, honest, conscientious, and hard-fighting football players. Robinson, the captain, played a good game the entire year, and was a good ground gainer. He did stellar work on the defense, and was one of the surest tacklers on our team. Fullington, Blackwelder, Glass, and Tisdale did fine work in the backfield. Duke on right end played star ball all year, especially on the defense. Taylor, Acton, Rich, Walker, and Causey in the line played good ball also. Garner, at right tackle, was invincible on the defense and one of the best men in the line.

Prospects for next year are exceedingly bright, for nearly all the Varsity will be back, and it will be well for you to watch Howard another year.









Members of 1913 Varsity Football Team

B. L. NOOJIN, *Coach*

O. S. CAUSEY	Manager and Left Tackle
ROBERT ROBINSON	Captain and Quarter-Back
R. E. DUKE	Right End
S. A. TAYLOR	Left Guard
R. G. RICH	Center
B. H. WALKER	Right End
B. H. GARNER	Right Tackle
J. A. ACTON	Left End
E. B. FULLINGTON	Full Back
D. L. BLACKWELDER	Right Half Back
W. C. TISDALE	Left Half Back
L. MCPHAUL	Sub. Center
P. G. COMPTON	Sub. Tackle
E. L. FORD	Sub. Tackle
C. KING	Sub. End
R. C. BALKCOM	Sub End
A. L. DAWSON	Sub Half Back
CLAY SHAW	Sub End

SCHEDULE FOR 1913

Howard	0	University of Alabama	27
Howard	0	Mississippi A. & M.	66
Howard	0	Jacksonville	0
Howard	14	Albertville	3
Howard	14	Anniston	6
Howard	25	Florence Normal	6
Howard	65	Blountsville	3
Howard	31	Birmingham College	0
Howard	6	Mississippi College	10



J. C. HOCKETT, COACH
SCRUB FOOTBALL TEAM







Scrub Football Team

OFFICERS

J. C. HOCKETT *Coach*
I. F. SIMMONS *Manager*

MEMBERS

GALLANT	Captain and Left Half
WATSON	Full Back
GILMORE	Right Half
ALLEN	Quarter Back
JENKINS	Right End
ADAMS	Right Tackle
JORDAN	Left Tackle
YEAGER	Center
DOWNEY	Left Guard
SYRING	Right Guard
NEWMAN	Left End
GRIFFIN	Substitute
USSERY	Substitute
CARLISLE	Substitute

SCHEDULE

Scrubs	21	Ensley High School	20
Scrubs	0	Birmingham High School	6
Scrubs	7	Bessemer High School	0
Scrubs	15	Gadsden Picked Team	0
Scrubs	31	Gadsden Picked Team	6
Scrubs	27	Ensley High School	6
Scrubs	13	Bessemer High School	12
Scrubs	25	Tuscaloosa High School	6
Scrubs	20	Shelby County High School	31



Track Team



M.C. NEYMAN, MGR



MISS HONTAS CAMMACK-Sponsor



C.B. KINGRY



CAPTAIN



MISS BURMAH HILLIARD
MAID



MISS IONE GRAHAM
MAID

TRACK



Track Team

	B. L. NOOJIN	Coach	
	M. C. NEWMAN		Manager
	C. B. KINGRY	Captain	
FRED GALLANT	R. G. RICH	E. L. VICE	I. F. SIMMONS
VERCIL ROACH	J. A. ACTON	G. I. DUNSMORE	W. C. TISDALE

TRACK MEET

100 yds.	GALLANT	10 1-5 sec.
220 yds.	ACTON	23 sec.
440 yds.	KINGRY	53 4-5 sec.
880 yds.	KINGRY	2 min. 4 4-5 sec.
1 mile	GALLANT	4 min. 56 sec.
High jump	TISDALE	5 ft. 6 in.
Broad jump	TISDALE	20 ft.
Shot put	ROACH	35 ft.
Discus	ROACH	96 ft.



BASE

BALL



F. COMPTON,
M.C.H.



Miss Nell Daniels
Sponser



Miss Myrtis Wright,
Maid



W. C. TISDALE, Capt.

19

14





Baseball



IN giving the history of our athletics during the past year we must not overlook our baseball team, for it was, perhaps, the best that ever represented Howard College. Of twenty-four games played, twenty were on the victory end of the column, and of the four defeats, two were at the hands of professional teams.

In Watters and Tisdale we had what we believe to be the best battery in Southern college baseball. This was always a winning combination.

Then at third base Coach Noojin showed his ability as coach. At the beginning of the season this corner of the diamond was one of deepest concern to him, for he had no one who could play that position. He went to work, however, and long before the end of the season Lee Blackwelder was considered a star, both in the field and at the bat. The whole infield, consisting of Robinson, first base; Griffin, second base; Goodwin, short stop; and Blackwelder, third base, were very fast and accurate fielders; while at the bat they could usually be depended upon.

The outfield was well taken care of by Dunning, Newman, and Gilder. They were very fast, heady players and caused their opponents much anxiety while at the bat.

There is no reason why the present year should not be a successful one, for we have all the old Varsity team back, with the exception of Watters, Dunning, and Goodwin. Of course these men will be greatly missed, but Coach Noojin will be on the job and have some one to take their places.

With Tisdale behind the bat, Robinson on first, Griffin at second, and Blackwelder at third, and Allen, a new recruit, at short, we should hit our old stride and end the season with another long list of victories to our credit.

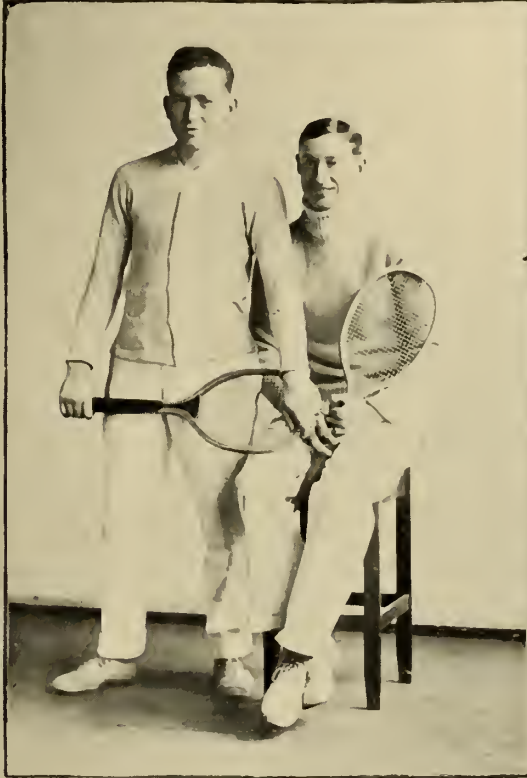
BASEBALL SCHEDULE

Howard			Howard		
Medical College	6	14	Blountsville	0	1
Southern University.....	1	8	Blountsville	4	3
Southern University.....	5	6	Anniston Preps.....	4	16
Southern University.....	5	8	Anniston Preps.....	2	6
Medical College.....	3	6	Anniston Professionals.....	9	4
Medical College.....	10	11	Birmingham College.....	1	10
Medical College.....	6	15	Birmingham College.....	4	16
St. Bernard.....	4	7	Birmingham College.....	0	12
St. Bernard.....	11	6	Albertville	0	21
St. Bernard.....	5	4	Albertville	8	7
Blountsville	6	21	Albertville	4	9





TENNIS - CHAMPIONS



Singles
Harris



Doubles
Robinson
Duke





Tennis

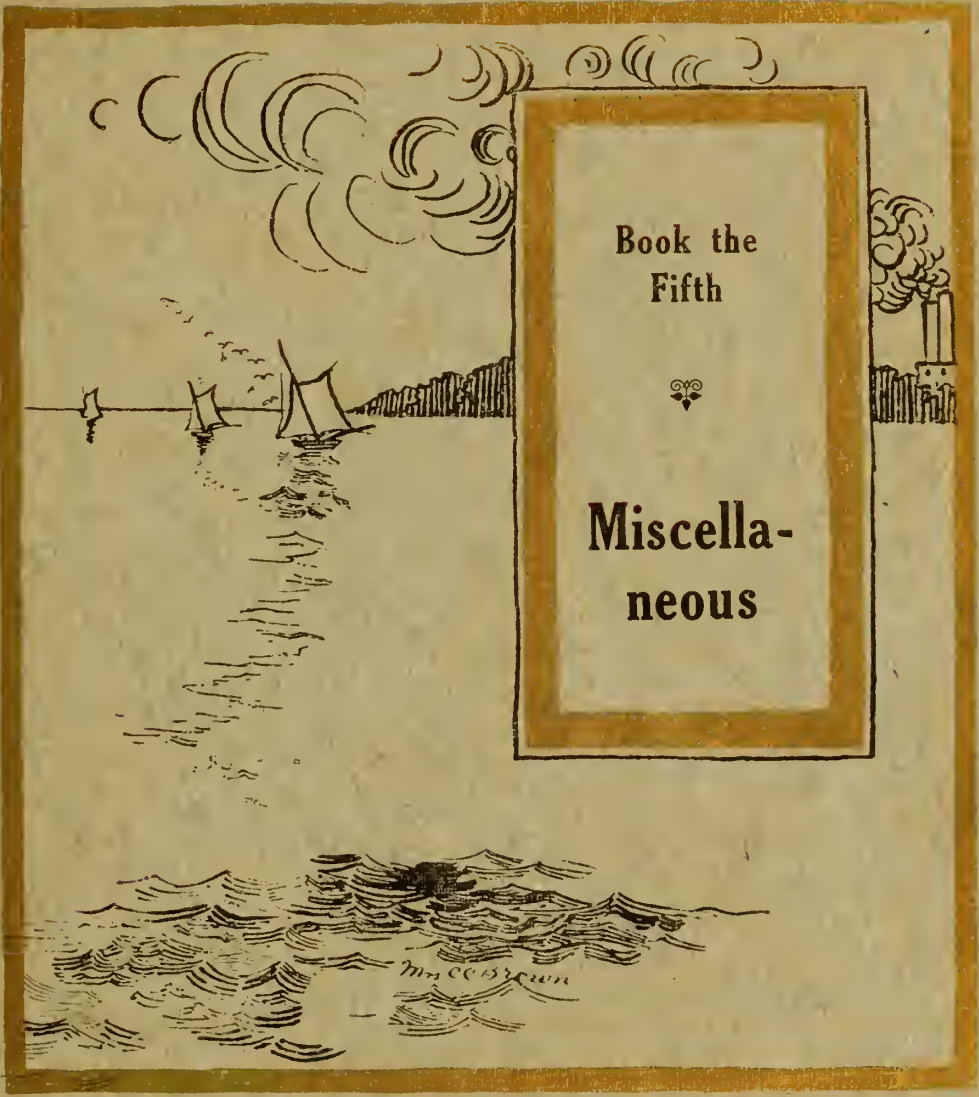


MORE interest has been taken in tennis this year at Howard than ever before.

During February a tournament was held between fourteen teams, each team playing thirteen sets. Those teams finishing with a percentage of over 500 participated in a second tournament. "Red" Robinson and Joe Duke were the winners of this second contest and were declared the doubles champions of the college. In a singles contest Garnett Harris was the winner.

On March 9th our doubles and singles teams played a match with Birmingham College on our courts and walked away with them in good fashion. The score in the doubles was 6-2 and 6-1 and in the singles 6-4 and 6-3. The next day the scene was changed to the Birmingham courts and the performance of the previous day almost duplicated, the score in doubles being 6-3 and 6-4; singles, 6-2 and 6-4. In every set Howard clearly outclassed the Birmingham College team.

There are four good courts on the campus and every opportunity is given the tennis enthusiast to follow his inclination. Sometimes the scene is enlivened by the participation of some of the young ladies of East Lake, who favor us with their presence, and of late the co-eds have taken quite a fancy to this nimble pastime.



Book the
Fifth



Miscella-
neous



State Oratorical Contest



G. I. DUNSMORE
HOWARD'S REPRESENTATIVE

MISS FRANCIS MACON
SPONSOR





Arbor Day at Howard



UR alumni and friends who have visited us this year have observed a change in the Howard spirit. One cause of this change is not far to seek. It is the close attention to details on the part of those in authority in all those activities which are believed to make for a richer and stronger college life and training. While preparing for the future we are living as fully as we can in the present. One example of this practical interest in the "little things" was the inauguration on February 16 of an annual celebration of Arbor Day.

The exercises themselves were brief and simple. Prof. Dawson, who presided, showed that the purpose of the exercise was in line with that of the public schools in their celebration of Arbor Day—viz., to educate young people as to the æsthetic value of our trees and forests and to lead pupils to so admire and love our common trees that they will become practical arborists. Dr. Shelbourne read a series of impressive verses from the Bible, which were repeated after him by those present. Then came a series of readings by the representatives of the "Co-eds," the High School, and the four college classes, respectively. Among these were Irving's "He Who Plants an Oak," Lanier's "A Ballad of Trees and the Master," and the first part of Bryant's "Forest Hymn." The assembly then proceeded from the south end of the main building, where the more formal part of the exercises was held, to the campus in front, and the six trees were planted in succession, each of the classes, the young ladies and the High School students respectively reading in unison an appropriate piece of poetry as its representative threw the first shovelfuls of earth.

A most pleasing feature of the occasion was the spirit of unity exhibited—the co-operation on the part of faculty and student body in working toward a common end. This spirit, as shown at this and at other times, is one of the things which makes us feel "like we are somebody," as Dr. Shelbourne sometimes expresses it.



Results of Election Held By "Entre Nous"

Most Popular Man	SIMMONS
Most Popular Co-ed	*OLIVIA MASSEY and LOUISE MCCOY
Best Football Player	TISDALE
Best Baseball Player	TISDALE
Best Tennis Player	HARRIS
Best Track Man	GALLANT
Best- All-round Athlete	TISDALE
Best Student	BOULDIN
Best All-round Man	ROBINSON
Best Preacher	HUFF
Best Orator	DUNSMORE
Best Debater	DUNSMORE
Best Natured Man	LOUIS DAWSON
Best Natured Co-ed	OLIVIA MASSEY
Most Cynical Man	"BIG BUD" WYATT
Most Cynical Co-ed	LOUISE MCCOY
Best Room Keepers	DUNAWAY BROS.
Poorest Room Keepers	BAGWELL
Biggest Tobacco Bum	BLACKSHEAR
Biggest Sport	"RUBE" ROBERTSON
Biggest Liar	LEDYARD
Biggest Bore	*THORNBERRY and WYATT
Biggest Ladies' Man	ROBERTSON
Biggest Flirt	DUNSMORE
Most "Sissy" Man	B. E. DUNAWAY
Most Conceited Man	WYATT
Most Conceited Co-ed	LOUISE MCCOY
Most Handsome Man	DAVIE
Prettiest Co-ed	MISS MCCOY
Busiest Man	SIMMONS
Laziest Man	HARLAN
Ugliest Man	FORD
Co-ed Tantalizer	JOE DUKE
Most Frequent Visitor to the President's Office	NEWTON
Possessor of Most Stately Pompadour	KINGRY
Poorest Excuse for a Pompadour	SELF
Biggest Loafer at Station	BLACKSHEAR
Biggest Loafer at Town	VAN and SORRELL
Most Popular Professor	MACON

*Tie.



“1914 Chestnuts,” By Dunsmore



NEWTON was continually coming in Prof. Burns' classroom behind time. One day he was later than usual, and after the class he went up to apologize.

“Professor,” said he, “My watch is fifteen minutes behind time and has worried me a great deal lately, but after this I shall put no more faith in it.”

“It is not faith you want in it,” said Prof. Burns; “it's works.”

* * *

Wanted—To know what Co-ed's mother made this remark: “Daughter, what time did that Howard sport leave last night?”

Daughter: “I do not know, mother.”

Little brother: “I know; it was one o'clock.”

Mother: “How do you know?”

Little brother: “Well, I heard him say, ‘Just one, just one.’”

* * *

“One hair on the head is worth six in the comb.”—*Compton*.

* * *

Burmah: “And would you really put yourself out for me?”

Bowden: “Indeed I would.”

Burmah: “Then do it, please; I'm awfully sleepy.”



Wanted—Some one to keep the ladies from worrying me to death.—*Ford.*

* * *

Doctor: "I don't like your heart action; you've had some trouble with angina pectoris."

Joe Duke: "You are partly right; but that is not her name."

* * *

Prof. Moon: "How was Cæsar killed?"

Miss McCoy: "He was stabbed in the Senate."

* * *

Robertson says he doesn't wonder that Miss Barnhart is afraid of lightning—she's so awfully attractive, don't you know.

* * *

All of which reminds us: CAN THE MOON TURN GRAY?

* * *

Joe Duke and Fred Simmons are "Keene" rivals, so they say.

* * *

A LITTLE STORY OF NAMES.

One day the *Duke* went sailing down the *Jordan* and passed the *Old Mills* when he noticed the *Rich* man driving his *Ford* with the *Parsons*, who had been *Swindal'd* out of their *Holmes* by their *Vice Tennant*. The *King* met the *Duke* at the *Milford* and recommended to him a *Newman*, who would not *Steele* if given a *Chance*. Whereupon the *Duke* asked the *King* if the *Newman* was a *Freeman* any *Moore*, *Orr* had he *Dunaway* with his *Gallant Cook* and *Mason*.

Oh *Shaw!* It is *Useless* to continue. (See next Annual.)

* * *

Wanted—To know how many cows and tons of grits Howard students eat in a session.

Wanted—To know what beauty parlor Ford attended.—*Bod Tate.*

Wanted—To know what "Big" Taylor said in the football game at Jackson, Miss.—*Ministerial Board.*

Wanted—To know how long "Runt" Gallant is going to be a prep.—*Carson.*

Wanted—To know who put the "Slats" to Wallace.—"Crook" Garner *et al.*

* * *

Prof. Dawson "A fool can ask questions a wise man cannot answer."

Norman: "That's why we all flunked."



R. L. TATE, *President*
Capital, \$1.98.

W. C. TISDALE, *Secretary*
Surplus, \$.87.

OFFICE OF
TATE & TISDALE, INC.

DEALERS IN CHINA-BERRY BEADS, RAZORS, HOSIERY, AND NOVELTIES

OF ALL KINDS

Office: Fourth Floor Hunt's Hall.

Office Hours: 8:00 to 5:00

EAST LAKE, ALABAMA

Suffragettes—8:00 to 9:00.

Book Agents—9:00 to 10:00.

People with funny ideas (Howard Professors)—10:00 to 11:00.

Ladies With Tickets for Sale—11:00 to 12:00.

Lunch (at Jerry's)—12:00 to 1:00.

Figuring interest on what we owe—1:00 to 2:00.

Old Maids Seeking Matrimony—2:00 to 3:00.

Pawnbrokers and Burglars—3:00 to 4:00.

Miscellaneous Calls—4:00 to 5:00.

Appointments can be made any hour of the night by calling Main 7813YZ.

AGENTS WANTED—No Howard student need apply.

* * *

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar.

"I'm simply wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.

"You sweet thing," murmured the paper bag.—*Ex.*

* * *

It would be best not to speak of examinations. We will pass them by with bowed heads. We passed them with "Jacks" before. Freshmen will please commit the following—it is your yearly routine:

Matriculation,

Recitation,

Examination,

Consternation,

Lamentation,

No Salvation,

Damnation!

On Probation.



THE SKEETER AND PETER.

There was a young fellow named Peter
 Who swiped at an active young skeeter,
 But the skeeter struck first
 And quenched his thirst,
 For the skeeter was fleeter than Peter.
 (Apologies to all the Newspaper Poets).

* * *

Prof. Haggard "Caesar went into Gaul with—"
 Webb Jordan: "Aw, Professor, let's don't talk about Caesar, let's talk about
 Santa Claus."

* * *

The baseball team is contemplating a Northern tour. They will probably take in
 Cullman. The Cops will probably take them in.

* * *

Coach Noojin: "What kind of aid does a blind man get when he clutches a straw?"
 Causey: "Give it up."
 Coach: "Lemonade."

* * *

Prof. Dawson: "Dunsmore, are you thinking or guessing?"
 Dunsmore: "I guess I'm thinking."

* * *

Prof. Olive: "A body when charged is electrified. Give an example."
 Tisdale: "Dean Blackwelder's new suit."

* * *

Some one said that when Glass blushes he looks like a stained window. Glass says
 it's pane-ful to blush. (Please use an automobile hearse this time).

* * *

Bell rung the Bell when he admonished "Crip" Tennant for not blowing out
 "Tubby" Bolen's cigar lighter when he got through with it.

* * *

Miss Alford is undecided whether she will be a Duchess or a Queen—as she goes
 with both a Duke and a King-ry. C?

* * *

If you want to get rid of old syrup, give Ledyard a quarter and he will drink it up.





A TASTE OF TENNANT'S POETRY.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
And the clock was striking the hour;
The hour rose up indignant,
And struck back with all its power.

(There was only one thing that saved him and that was his "gasoline engine").

* * *

Prof. Olive (in Physics): "Now if I should drop my head forward and remain perfectly still, you should say I was a clod. But if I move—then what?"

A Voice: "Clodhopper."

Class dismissed.

* * *

Speaking of cigar lighters, if ye will allow ye ed to gratulate, he will tell you what to do when you have nothing to light your cigar with. Just take one out of the box and make the box a cigar lighter. (No, I thank you, I've quit smoking).

* * *

Miss Massey: "Mr. Tisdale, I saw some one the other day who said they knew you, but I didn't hardly believe it."

"Slick": "Who was it?"

Miss Massey: "Myrtis Wright."

"Slick": "Huh!"

* * *

"Soggy" Blackshear should be prosecuted for extortion. He asked "Boss" Garner to advance him a dime on his salary for fixing the walks. (Save yourself for the next joke, please).

* * *

Motto of Ye Rats: "I'm cured."

* * *

Oh! faculty, faculty, fuss,
What in the world is the matter with us?
We cram and jam
For your Exams
But we do sometimes "bust".



Speaking of the "Keeley Cure," we now have the Keeley cure—Engagements for dinner at Mrs. Keene's.

* * *

What Eugene Dunaway says in his sleep: "Transfer to Norwood, please."

* * *

A certain Math. student wishing to "shag" Prof. Eagles, presented him with a rabbit caught during the snow. While said Prof. was attending chapel, some kind friend relieved him of the care of Brer Rabbit. Now, Prof. Eagles wants to know who got his hare (h-a-i-r). We do not claim to be a Joel Chandler Harris nor a Sherlock Holmes, but it occurs to us that old Brer Dandruff may have had a hand in it.

* * *

Once there was a Prez named "Jimmy"
 In size not so tall nor skinny
 And grey hair he had galore.
 Now this Prez got it into his head
 That Howard must be Co-ed.
 And this idea, we must admit, we do adore.
 But what is bothering us
 Is this Prez raises a fuss
 When the Co-eds mix too much with the boys.
 But, to be just,
 We guess we just must
 With the Co-eds raise very little noise.

* * *

Prof. Burns: "What was Lady MacBeth doing in act (?), scene (?)?"
 "Rube" Robertson: "Cleaning MacBeth's clothes."
 Prof. Burns: "How do you get that?"
 "Rube": "She says, 'out, out, damned spot'."

* * *

THE LOVER'S BAROMETER

If she loves you, the weather's *fine*, but oh, my! if she don't! ! ? ?



IF PROF. DAWSON'S GERMAN STUDENTS EVER GET TO GIVE HIM A LESSON!

"Now, after reading half a dozen books of parallel for tomorrow, and going to the library and looking up all references in the notes, you may begin at the first lesson and write this book of English into German script, with a three thousand word thesis on the author, and remember, if you mispronounce a single German word you cannot possibly get your diploma. And remember, too, this lesson must be gotten up by supper time tonight, or you cannot get any credit for your past work."

(Excusez-nous, s'il vous plait, Mr. Goldberg, we didn't mean to infringe).

Parody on Spartacus to the Roman Gladiators

BY ROBERT LEE TATE.

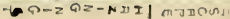
Ye call me chief! And ye do well to call me chief, who for four long years have met in Professors Moon and Hendrick's class rooms, every form of Latin and History the Board of Trustees of Howard College could force upon me, and who has never given us hope. If there be any Prep. among you who can say that in either place I failed to "bluff through" let him stand forth and say it. If there be any Freshman or Sophomore who dares, let him come on. And yet I was not always thus a dignified Senior. My ancestors came from Pratt City, and settled upon the dark and blue Village Creek. My life ran as quiet as the creek, and when at noon I gathered the mules beneath the shade, and played upon my French harp, there was a Howard boy who partook of the same rustic meal.

One evening while my Howard friend and I were sitting in our room, another Howard boy told us how a little band of Preps. and Rats in years gone by had withstood the whole student body. I did not know what hazing was then, but my cheeks burned and my room-mate bade me go to bed and think no more of savage hazing and raving. That very night the Ratters landed in my room. I saw my room-mate tied and whipped. To-day, I whipped a man on the campus, and when I got up, behold he was my friend.

And so, fellow students, must you and so must I, "flunk" like men. O Howard! Howard, thou hast been a tender nurse to the innocent Freshman, who has never had a harder lesson than drawing and writing. Thou hast given me a mind of leather and asbestos. Thou hast taught me to invent and "bluff" as quickly as called upon.

Hark! hear ye that sound roaring in the class room? 'Tis six weeks since the Professor failed you, but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon you, and a pretty soft thing ye will be.

If ye are Preps then stand here like "mutton-heads" waiting for the Professors' exams! If ye are men follow me, and gain a pass by doing good work. Is Howard dead? Is the Howard spirit frozen in your veins? O Juniors! O Seniors! if we must fight let us fight our Professors; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our exams. Seize your diplomas; go out into the world and forget Latin and History, as have done your predecessors.





“Daises Won’t Tell”



E loves me, he loves me not, he loves me, he loves me not! There, that makes three times it has come out like this! Betsie said the daises told the truth; it must be so, but I don’t believe it.”

Beatrice, who stood in the field of waving white daises, stamped her foot impatiently.

“It just can’t be true,” but there was a merry twinkle in her eyes as she spoke to the daises.

“I guess you are just fooling me! Well, I don’t mind, when I look into his eyes I see something there, and I know it’s love! Oh, daises!” She fell on her knees and threw her arms around a great bunch of the nodding blossoms. “Daises, I love him. I love him, but he shan’t know. You are the only things I can talk to; you won’t tell, will you, because daises won’t tell?”

Her hat had fallen back and the wind was caressing her curly hair. She was about to gather some of her treasures when she saw a figure approaching in the distance. Her eyes widened with surprise. “Why, I didn’t tell him where I’d be. Well, I wonder if he has seen me? Yes—no—I’ll run—that’s all there is left to do, unless I stay here and talk it out. Oh, my!” She ran through the daises leaving them parted. What an excellent path for the man who pursued!

Beatrice did not think of this; nor did she until she reached a large grove of trees not far from her home. “Now what shall I do? Here he comes. He has seen me. I might have known it. Well, I’ve gotten this far and I wouldn’t talk to him now for anything. My! how hot it is, and how soiled my dress is! What if he heard what I said to those daises. Oh, of course he couldn’t; he was too far away, but what shall I do?”

Beatrice was a pretty picture standing among the trees, the wind blowing her hair this way and that, amusement in her eyes, and in her hand a daisy with petals flying. Nearer and nearer came the man. On the impulse of the moment the girl climbed a tree near at hand, the branches of which were close together. She laughed gleefully and, leaning back comfortably, she began to muse aloud. “Goody, I’m safe. My! but he’ll be mad. He will go straight home and when daddy tells him I’m not there, won’t he be shocked? Gracious!”

By this time John had reached the grove, and for once in his life he was unwelcome. He was a tall, handsome man, and over his left arm was hung a large straw hat covered with a wreath of daises. The girl, from her safe distance, shud-



dered. She had left her hat behind her! "Crickety!" she murmured, "what if he stays here? I wish he'd leave my hat. The sun is hot! Oh, please go home, John," she whispered.

The man quickly reached the end of the road; then he looked up and down it long and carefully. An amazed and disappointed look came into his eyes. "Why, she couldn't be far away. I've followed her right up. She'd be in sight somewhere." The man turned his back to the road and eyed the woods reproachfully. "This beats all," accompanied with a groan! He walked about, gazing behind the trunks of the large oaks and elms; then suddenly his search ceased. His laugh rang out gaily. He was quite overcome by the ridiculous position he was in. "I've got it; she climbed a tree. Wonder why I didn't think of that before?" He looked around; this time not so doubtfully; then he found her, leaning pleasantly against the trunk, and evidently enjoying the situation, since she was shaking with laughter.

"You come down," he challenged, "and tell me what you ran away for."

"You go away, man." This teasingly.

"How long do you expect to stay up there, then, young lady?"

"All night." 'Twas a composed reply.

"Then I'll stay, too." He stood there tall and straight, his eyes meeting hers unfalteringly.

"Won't you please sit down, John?" this very sweetly. "I fear you'll become tired."

He raised his eyes again to hers. "Listen, little girl! I can't go this time until you give me the promise I want. Oh, promise me."

"What promise? I never make promises. I thought you knew that."

John ignored her and continued: "Tell me, won't you be my little girl, Beatrice; won't you, forever? I thought you knew what I mean; I thought I read the answer in your eyes. Tell me, little girl."

"Oh, John, you dear. I'm daddy's girl. Of course I always will be. Please go."

"Well, you are a daisy."

"Oh, thank you. Do you really mean it?"

He looked up surprised. "Certainly, and why not?"

"Well, then, since I'm a daisy I can't tell you."

"And pray, why not?"

"'Cause daisies won't tell."

He, laughingly: "Do you believe in daisies, too, little sweetheart?"

"Yes, John, do you?"

"I did not until a while ago, but when I came through the field just now the wind stirred the flowers, and they swayed back and forth like the ebbing tide, and whispered



to me such sweet things, girlie, such wonderful promises. And as I hastened through after you, I told them of my love for you, and they nodded and smiled, as if to say, 'Go to her and she will tell you; we can't.' So I came. You won't send me away, dear, will you?"

His eyes were pleading and not in vain. During his story she had climbed down and now she stood beside him, true love burning in her eyes. Then she looked into his eyes and whispered: "And the daisies didn't tell you?"

"No, dear."

"Well, I'm glad. You see it's nice to be able to tell them things, but there isn't any use to ask them questions, 'cause daisies won't tell!"

And in the twilight he kissed her.

—*Madeline Keene.*





Mammy's Philosophy



ET outer here, Sallie Ann, fo you gits dat yaller ribbon tuk off dat hair of yourn. Godd Lawd, but it sho takes the patience of Job for to make a cake, what dem white folks call "Angel Food," but I'm tellin' you de truth, honey, dar ain't been nary bit of food what I done put in this here cake angelic. No, sir, dat it haint," ejaculated Mammy as she stood by the lone window of her cabin stirring her Sunday cake.

"Well, bless grashus, ef yonder don't come Liza Jane, and dat jack-legged fellow who calls 'Mr. Brown,' but he more black dan he am brown. Ain't I done tol' her daddy he warn't no count, and here she come buttin' right up here with him again. Just look at that walk uf his, as ef he owned Turkey Creek. Now wouldn't Lize Jane's ma put her foot down on dat if she wuz livin'? but things nevah happen when dey should, specially in the case of matrimony, but ef—"

"Mammy, Mammy, George William Smith done hit me wid a rock as big as er house," screamed Sally Ann, as she came running in, crying all the louder as she came nearer Mammy.

"Nevah mind dat poah white trash, honey, dey don't know whut's right and whut ain't. Just you wait till I gits day cake in de stove, and den I'll make you a mustard plaster," said Mammy, putting the last cup of flower in the cake.

"Mornin', Sal, whar's your mammy?" groaned a voice from without. With this Mammy jumped, pulled her cap on straight, when a wooly head appeared. This was Josh, Liza Jane's father.

"Mornin', Miss Cindy. How yuh comin' dis mawnin'?" he asked, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a large, bandanna handkerchief.

'Pert as a cricket, Josh, but foah de Lord, what am yuh doing lookin' as skeered as a rabbit when he hears er gun?" asked Mammy in hurried tones.

"Now dat am it. I just come fer to tell you. Well, I was way down in my cornfield when all at once I heard sich a laff as I thought my time had come. I looked up, and bless grashus, dar stood Liza Jane and dat Brown fellow saunterin' along. I could not believe my eyes. Liza Jane, when she seed me her hopes fell down right dar, and I seed her whisper sumpin to de boy, and he up and runs lippity cut, lippity cut, down de big road."

"Well, what did you say to Liza Jane?"

"Shucks. I tol' her to git in dat house, and den I locked de doah, and here am de key, all safe and sound," said Josh, as he dangled a large, rough key from a red string.



"I'm gwine to tell yuh what to do. Go right home and send dat gal of yours to college, whut am got a fence around it so high dat she could nebber climb it. And don't you be long erbout it either, kase ef you do she sholy will be married to dat fellow," assured Mammy, as Josh started off.

"Jes fetch her close right up here and I'll darn 'em and help her make new ones. I'll fix dat gal up in some style en—" She was still hollering words of advice as Josh turned into the lane, but his heart was too heavy and his head too full to hear more. He walked slowly, thinking what he would ever say to Liza Jane, and knew that he did not want her to go. At last he reached his cabin.

"Liza Jane, git your close up, I'm gwin to sen' you ter college. Den you can l'arn and be smart. I sho is gwine to sen' my chile to college."

"Oh, Daddy, I'm so glad. Mr. Brown says he likes college girls," exclaimed Liza Jane, jumping up and down for joy.

"Mr. Brown, the dickens," thundered Josh, as he stamped his mighty foot. "Don't let me heah any moh 'bout day low specimen ob humanity."

Liza Jane arose quickly, collected her few things, and started toward Mammy's. But when she came to the first turn in the road, there stood Mr. Brown.

"Whar am yo gwine wid dat bundle?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Just whar I wish as I wusn't," sighed Liza Jane, as she suddenly came to a halt.

"Den just you kum wid me, honey, en I'll always take good keer uf you." Mr. Brown took the small bundle, and they hurried to the parson's and were married. That day when the news reached Josh he hastened to Mammy's and told her all about it.

"Well, I don't blame de chilluns when de parents don't do no bettah," said Mammy angrily.

"Parents! Well, she ain't got but one parent, en—"

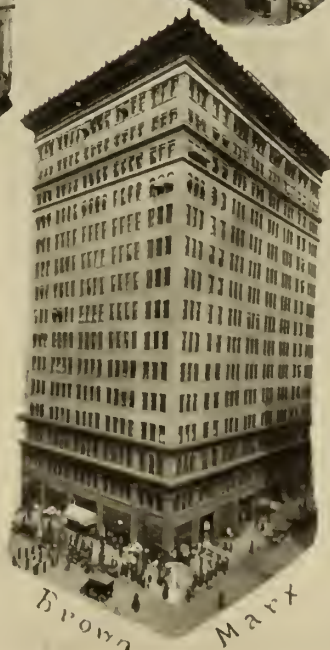
"Yeah, but she shorely needs anudder," interrupted Mammy.

"An', Cindy, dat am you. Just you kum right on ovah heah to de parson's wid me, and tonight when dey kum home dey will be just as sprised as dey sposed we would be. Yas, dat dey will," laughed Josh, as he waited for Mammy to get her bonnet.

LUCY JONES, '16.



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THE mail had just been distributed in North Hall at Hollins College. Francis Matthews went back to her room with a heart more heavy than light. True, she had a good letter from Henry, her "Best Bet," but the letter from sister Jena at home told a sad story. Brother Harold, the idol of the family, had lately become quite fascinated with Ellen Jameson, the daughter of one of the tenants on the Matthews' plantation.

"Oh, just listen at this, Mabel. Brother has gone and fallen in love with that horrid little Ellen Jameson. Why, none of us would think of associating with her. Her father is one of the poorest men on father's plantation, and they live in a little cottage 'way down on the creek. If he were to marry this girl, it would disgrace our family, for you know that father owns more than three thousand acres of land around Hilton, and I have heard a lot of people say that father is one of the largest planters in Mississippi.

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Just think of Brother taking up with a girl of such low breeding. Why, she even works in the field sometimes. He finished at A. & M. last year and father had begun to turn all of his affairs over to him, for he's getting old and feeble. Such an affair as this will cause father's death, I know. Something will have to be done. Jena says that she has talked to Brother about it, but it does not seem to do any good. I believe that he would leave her alone if there were any really attractive girls in Hilton."

Mabel was Francis' roommate. This was her first year at Hollins, but already she had won a warm place in the hearts of all the girls by her courteous consideration for other people and by her ready sympathy for everybody. She was a pretty type of blonde and was "just the right size," as some of her masculine admirers in Birmingham expressed it. Along with all these good qualities she loved adventure in the field of romance and knew all the in's and out's of the roping-in process.

"Francis, dear, I'm mighty sorry to hear about this affair. My brother married a poor girl. We were awfully distressed about it and tried our best to make him quit her, but he loved her and stuck to her. The girl came out

wonderfully after he married her, and they are getting along nicely now. But I know it doesn't happen that way all the time, and it does not matter so much in a city as it does in a small town like Hilton. I like Harold's looks and wish I could get a chance at him myself. But father is only a wholesale grocer, you know, and I might not suit!"

"Now, quit your joking, Mabel. You know you are the dearest girl in the world to me, and if I could only get Harold to fall in love with you, I would be perfectly happy."

Both girls were silent for a moment. Suddenly Francis' face lighted up. "I have a scheme! Dear, I want you to visit me just as soon as school is out. I believe that if we work it right, we can break up this affair and that Brother will fall in love with you when he has been with you a few days. Oh, I know he will!"

"That sounds good to me. But you know I will have to be at home awhile before I could go anywhere, and, of course, I will have to get the consent of the homefolks. I'll just be tickled to death if I can go. I'm not so sure of catching your brother, but maybe I could keep him from marrying



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that Jameson girl. She may be a good girl and all that, but I realize what a slam it would be on your family, and I am willing to do anything I can to help you."

"I knew you would! You're just the dearest girl in the world, and if Brother could only find it out, all would be well. We will have to make our plans all along. And just think, it is just six weeks today before we will be leaving here for home. Two weeks ought to be enough for you, and then you can come to see us. I guess Jena can keep Brother from buying his license during this time. And that is all we need to do—to get there before he goes too far. I'll write Jena right now and tell her of our plans, and I know she will do her best in the meantime."

Hollin's Commencement was over and all the girls had gone to their homes. Mabel Conway was filled with the joy of being at home, and was taking advantage of the care-free life of a college girl who has been home for only a short while. But, though she saw some of her admirers until very late some nights and rarely made her appearance before nine or ten the

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next morning, she was not entirely unoccupied with real work. With constant pleading and using many artful excuses and devices, she had finally gained the consent of her parents to make the visit to Francis Matthews' home so soon. And she knew that to carry out the scheme of charming Harold Matthews she must have a very elaborate wardrobe and all the most up-to-date equipment in her line. Great big bills were run up at Loveman's, Caheen's, and Steele-Smith's, but her father was indulgent and there was no opposition on this score. All hands in the house were put to the task of getting her ready for this trip, and everything was in readiness when the day came around for her to depart, but only Mabel knew that this trip was something more than the ordinary visit.

The trip to Hollins, Miss., was uneventful for Mabel. The train arrived there at 4:10 in the afternoon. Francis and Jena had come down to the little station in the family carriage. All Hilton had heard of the coming of a visitor to the Matthews family and all who could leave their work for a little while were there to get the first look at the lady. As she stepped from

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the train she was embraced fervently by Mabel and then introduced to Jena, who repeated the operation.

"Oh, dear, I'm so glad to see you. You can't imagine how anxiously I have looked forward to your coming. Let's go around to the carriage and right home. Brother had to go down to the plantation this afternoon and could not come to meet you. He has been getting more and more crazy about that Jameson girl. Every chance he gets he goes to her house and goes strolling with her down by the creek, and I suspect he is there with her right now. Father says he has been neglecting his work, but father doesn't know that he is having anything to do with her. We thought it best not to tell him anything about it. Brother does not know anything about our plans and everything is arranged for the campaign."

"Dear," interrupted Jena, "I'm certainly glad you are here at last, for I was afraid that Brother's affair would get too far along before you came. He's the craziest thing you ever saw. Ellen Jameson is the type of girl who looks beautiful in a calice dress, has bewitching eyes, and Brother is crazy about her raven black hair. But I think we can break it up alright, for you are even

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more charming than I had imagined. We have arranged several affairs already, and Brother will be with you at each one. I'm sure he will forget that little scamp of a girl."

"Well, I'm right in for the game. I know it is cruel to break up love affairs, but I feel that it is justifiable in this case. I'm ready to do my best."

At this juncture the carriage halted at the front gate of a magnificent old colonial home sitting back among the trees some distance from the street. The girls alighted and were met at the front door by Mrs. Matthews.

"I've heard Francis speak of you so often since she came home that I feel that I have known you for some time. Just feel that you are at home from the very first. I am glad you have come and I know we will all enjoy having you with us."

At supper that night Mabel met Harold and also Mr. Matthews. She was very much attracted to Harold at once. He was even more handsome than the picture of him that she had seen. She could see very clearly that it would be a shame for him to fall in love with a girl of inferior birth,

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though his family's welfare be disregarded. He certainly deserved the best girl in the country. Harold showed no visible signs of being charmed, although he showed Mabel the proper and ordinary attention.

That night there was a lawn party at the Matthews' home, to which all the best people in Hilton were invited. Quite a large crowd responded, for it was a rare honor to be invited to the Matthews' home. Mabel was beautiful in her crepe de chene over pink satin. She was the most beautiful creature that the populace had ever gazed upon in this little town of Hilton. After the party was well under way the three conspirators—Jena, Frances, and Mabel—manipulated things so that Harold and Mabel found themselves seated alone on the same bench under the old holly tree rather removed from the crowd. Mabel was using all her powers of charm and wit, and was fairly beaming on Harold.

But this was only one of the many similar situations occurring during the following week. Every night there was either a dance or a card party or a lawn party, and during the day there were spend-the-day parties at the homes of the best families in Hilton; barbecues, horseback rides, fishing trips, and

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sometimes a quiet and restful hour or two at home. On this account Harold's father had relieved him of most of his duties for a few days, and there was not much chance for him to get away and go to see that little girl down by the creek, and anyway it seemed that Mabel was keeping Harold's interests centered on her own pretty self. One night after the party was over Harold and Mabel were alone on the front balcony "upstairs."

"Miss Conway, I tell you I'm having a hard time these days. Before you came I was deeply in love with a little girl on our plantation named Ellen Jameson. She is poor, it is true, and has to work hard. A lot of times she helps her father in the fields. Her mother is dead, and she has to keep house for her father too. They have a small cottage way down on the creek at the back end of the plantation, and she keeps it just as neat and clean as our big house. She has lots of good sense, too, and has read quite a lot of the best books I have. She has a good mind, and is just as witty as she can be. And she's pretty! Sister Jena knows that I have been paying her quite a lot of attention. Sis rides quite a lot and has seen us together several times when she was riding through the plantation. You may think I am a very foolish fellow to be so very frank with you, Miss Conway, and I suspect I am, for really, here of late you have almost set me on fire with your beauty and your attractive ways. In fact, I—I—I'm afraid I'm about to fall in love with you."

It was one of those balmy spring nights when all the stars are out and the moon is doing its utmost to make the night as bright as day. The air seemed to have something in it that was fairly intoxicating, and Harold was becoming intoxicated. Both were silent for several minutes. Mabel was looking at the moon and trying to decide whether she was in love with Harold or merely trying to keep him from loving the little Jameson girl. Harold, on the other hand, was wrestling with the vision of Ellen that came to him just as he uttered those last words to Mabel. He could see her beautiful, earnest face overcast with a look of sorrow at the words he had just said. Didn't he know that Ellen loved him truly, and that he could trust her constancy, and that her only defect was her poverty. But what about this beautiful, airy, fairy maiden at his side, who had him in the grip of her charm?

In the meantime something had happened at the little cottage down by the creek at the back of the plantation. About two o'clock Mr. Jameson

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was awakened by a noise out at the chicken house, where the chickens were creating quite an uproar, as if something had disturbed them. He ran out to see what was wrong, and in his haste he stumbled and fell heavily against the oak tree in the back yard. Ellen, who had been awakened by the noise also, rushed out and found that he had hit his head such a blow as to render him unconscious. She got him in the house after a great struggle, and ran over to old Ned Peters' house nearby, aroused him and sent him to the Big House at full speed. Ned's mule carried him to the Big House in record time. Leaving his mule at the front gate, Ned rushed up to the side door of the house and knocked frantically. This knock came in the midst of Harold's reflections, and brought him back to earth with a thud. He rushed to the door to see what the trouble was. He immediately recognized old Ned's voice.

"Old nigger, what in the world are you doing disturbing us this time of night?"

"Lawze, Marster, Mister Jemson done mos' kilt hisself. He done tuk and run agin er tree in his back yard. Miss Ellen done saunt me up head to tell you to send de doctor quick."

"All right, Ned, you hurry on back down there, and do what you can for her, and I will get the doctor and start with him right away. Tell Miss Ellen that we will be there just as soon as we possibly can."

Harold hurried back upstairs and told Mabel and excused himself. Old Dr. Carver lived close by, and they were soon on their way to the Jameson cottage, urging their horses to full speed.

When they reached their destination Mr. Jameson was still unconscious, and kept mumbling something that was not quite understandable. The doctor administered a stimulant, and dressed the ugly gash in his head. All the time he kept up this mumbling. Finally Harold caught the words: "I'm not Ellen's father. Her father was Colonel Edwards. He gave her to my wife and me just before my wife died. I'm going to die."

Harold, Ellen, and Dr. Carver looked at each other with mingled astonishment, surprise, and horror. It was Dr. Carver who first spoke.

"This explains a mystery to me. I know you have heard your father speak of Col. Edwards quite often. He was owner of the big plantation down near Sterling, about twenty miles from here. Col. Edward's wife died shortly after the birth of a baby girl. The Colonel began to drink heavily and to gamble, and before long he had gambled away his whole estate. He had an old maid keeping house for him and caring for the baby. One



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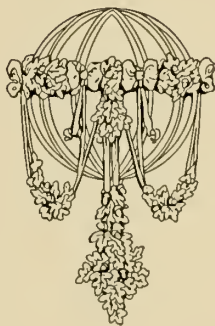
morning the housekeeper got up and found that the baby was not in the room. Neither could she find Col. Edwards. And until this day neither the baby or Col. Edwards have been seen or heard of. I believe this story that Mr. Jameson has just hinted, for this is certainly the same girl. I remember that little birthmark on her hand."

During the speech of Dr. Carver, Ellen was almost hysterical. Harold seemed quite agitated.

"Oh, what shall I do, Harold? I love you better than my life, but I know you will never be able to love me any more in all this mixup."

Mr. Jameson soon recovered from this fracture of his skull, but he was left all alone now, except for his cook, Old Aunt Dinah, Ned's wife, and an occasional visit from Ellen, who now lived in the Big House.

Mabel had stayed over for the wedding, and went back home feeling that this accident had solved a difficult problem, and had been fortunate for all concerned.





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